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MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

Mother's Memories

A History from Girlhood to the Seventies

1858-1914.

By Isabelle Champion.

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To My Dear Children,
This Book is Affectionately
Dedicated.

Mrs. Isabelle Champion.

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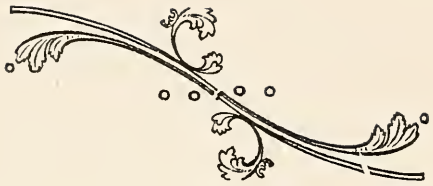
How dear to my heart are the scenes of your
childhood;
In fond recollection I present them to view.
The garden, the flowers, the sweet scented roses,
And every loved spot which your infancy knew.

MOTHER.



PREFACE.

August 24, 1913.

For years I have kept up the habit of jotting down the doings and sayings of my family and friends. Usually at the close of the day, after putting the children to bed, although many times I was very tired, I would say, "I will write just a line of the day's doings, and then to bed." Many times it would be many lines before I would lay down my pen and go to my rest. Why did I do it? I cannot tell. Often the children came across these faded writings and asked why I did not get them into book form, as they would like so much to read them. If I ever do this I feel that I must commence today, for my time is very limited. I am now in my seventies, and it

seems rather late to take up such a task, but as it is their wish I will do the best I can. If, in reading these simple sayings, the mind, that has been overworked with deeper things, such as the world affords today, can find rest my mission will have been performed. Read it or lay it aside as you choose, but, children, remember, it is home life, just as it came from mother. Beloved ones, for the love you bear that mother, and for your own best interests also, walk in the narrow path. Surely that is the way to happiness, long life and bright days, even if sorrow sometimes overshadows us. May the Heavenly Father guide each of you in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Good night,

MOTHER.

MOTHER'S SONGS.

"The songs that I've heard oft come back
With tender and touching refrain;
But in them is missing one chord
I listen and long for in vain.

That musical chord that I covet
Of childhood's sweet songs, was a part;
First heard in the songs of a mother
That came through her lips from her heart.

But never on earth will I hear them,
Their musical, loving refrain;
Those lullaby songs of that mother
That banished my sorrow and pain.

The song birds may sing in the bushes,
The wild waves may sing from the sea;
But sweeter, far sweeter than either,
Are the songs of that mother to me."

Mother's Memories

A History from Girlhood to the Seventies

1858-1914.

LOOKING BACKWARD,

August 25, 1913.

I have been looking over the writings before mentioned and find that some are ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty years old. There are letters you will like to look over. I took the time to jot down many sayings of the little ones, and so I have kept on, almost to the present time. Now I will stop and tell you of the past, as I have time and opportunity.

My life has been a very busy one and full of care. When I first commenced these writings I was young and well, and life looked so bright. When sorrow came I tried to rise above it and not let it settle heavily about me. Most of my life is past, I know. I am nearing the brink of the river, and I seem to hear the life boat coming closer and closer; nearing the shore day by day. Soon I will step in and pass over to the other side to meet the loved ones waiting there. As I have been looking over these writings and letters I feel in a hurry to jot them down, and I hope they will be of some interest to my dear children. Good bye for now.

Evening, nine o'clock—Well, I am tired to-night. Have had company, and many things to look after and do, as any busy housekeeper has at this time of the year; canning fruit, making jelly and so on. I feel it more than I did a few years ago, but am thankful to be as well as I am.

Good night.

August 26, 1913.

Some way the day has been rather long. Such a bright and sunny day too. Have been busy with small household duties. Have had much company, which I enjoy so much, only get rather tired. Bennie and his little son Philo just came in. They have been over town and are returning home. I am so glad we live near enough to visit each other. It seems so nice that I am able to keep house and have a home where the children can come and enjoy what was once the only home they knew.

If only their dear father had been spared to meet them too how glad we would have been; but he was called to the higher life several years ago. Since then I feel that I am traveling alone, and how alone only the Heavenly Father knows.

Bennie seems to feel better than he did a while ago. How glad I am. May he be spared to his family many years is my prayer.

Sometimes as I come from Bennie's beautiful farm home my mind goes back to Truax Prairie, as it was in my girlhood

days when the prairie was so new and wild, just a neighbor here and there, a mile or so apart. What great changes have taken place in the years that have passed! I was then a girl of sixteen, now a woman of seventy. I well remember those days of long ago, when there was no church, nor even a school house to hold religious services in. These were held in the homes; changing each Sabbath from one to another, Each farmer held a homestead.

Father and mother lived as the rest did, simple, plain lives, with no modern conveniences such as the farmers have today, but every bit as happy. Love seemed to bind them together and there was perfect harmony. I cannot remember that there was even the least ruffle between the neighbors. It seems pleasant to look back to those peaceful days.

"Backward, turn backward, oh; time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight;"

We enjoyed the house to house meetings very much. Mr. Kidder was often our minister, and many times he would bring his good wife with him, and they would

spend a few days visiting among us. They were always welcome guests. Everybody went to the meetings, and enjoyed going. It was about the only place we had to go, and perhaps it would be as well if we had fewer places to go to now. At that time we seemed as one family, and all did what we could to make the meetings a success. We sang those beautiful old hymns, which today may not be very popular, but are nice just the same. One, I remember so well.

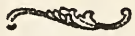
"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

I taught a summer school on the prairie, and the next winter taught in Shawtown, boarding at Mr. Shaw's. Charley, Gene and George Shaw came to school that winter, George for the first time in his life. He learned very easily. Charley was a bright boy about my age. The next summer he died very suddenly. Now the father, mother and three sons have passed over the river.

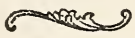


The next fall, October 7th, 1860, I was married to Jerome Champion, a step I never regretted. He was worthy of all my love. I have before me a paper written a few years afterward. It is so worn and faded that I can hardly read some of it, but in it I have wandered back in memory to my wedding day, and have mentioned some of the many changes that have come to us in those years. Sometimes, as I look back, it seems long, long ago, and again it seems but as yesterday. When we had been married four weeks we went to Menomonie, where papa had a school engaged for five

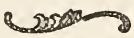
months. We were going to board. I will never forget how my heart ached when I was packing my trunk to leave my old home forever, except to come back as a visitor. When the packing was finished I closed the trunk and wept, afterward earnestly asking the Heavenly Father to lead me in paths of holiness. How many times I have grieved Him. Were he not so willing to forgive, and plenteous in mercy, I should now be cast away from him.

The winter passed pleasantly. Spring came and with it the close of papa's school. Our thoughts and plans now were all of our new home on a farm on Truax Prairie. We were very happy in our plain little home, though it was often clouded with disappointments. I knew we were poor, yet I wanted so many things we were not able to have, and often made myself unhappy because I could not have them. Perhaps I made papa unhappy too. He was contented wherever he was, and how much better it is to be so. I know I often

said things to make him unhappy, and then I would feel so sorry, and would ask the Father to help me. May He forgive me this night, and may I watch, as well as ask help.



Summer passed, I often think of those long days when papa was away, and how I would watch for his coming. The 14th of September came, and also a dear little baby boy. How happy we were as we watched him grow from day to day. We named him Glenn, and that name sounds sweet to me. I can see now that he was never a well child, but I was young then and did not know much about baby tending. Many times if baby cried I would cry too. You know mamma is called a good baby tender now. Glenn was a bright baby, talked early, and each day we saw something new to admire in him.



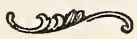
The next winter papa taught school in Augusta, and I stayed part of the time at

Mr. Jackson's and part of the time with sister Sarah, who now has three little ones of her own. I visited papa in Augusta and of course took Glenn. He was exposed to the measles while there and was very sick after we came back. I thought once I would have to send for papa he was so sick, but hated to, because when he came again I wanted him to be able to stay. Baby soon got better and all was well once more.

March 6, 1863—Spring has come at last, and we are back on the farm. I am so glad to be housekeeping again. It is evening, and I have just rocked Glenn to sleep. He is cutting teeth and I do not think he feels well today. Sometimes, when I get so tired, I am not patient enough. I want to grow more and more as my Heavenly Father wishes me to be.

May 16, 1863—Here I am again with pen in hand. We have an addition to our family, as another little boy has come to live with us. He was three weeks old day before yesterday.

May 27, 1863.—Am doing my work alone and tending two babies. I have to turn little Glenn off more than I should, for he is only a baby himself. If I had nothing to do but take care of my little chicks! but I have many other cares. Baby is crying and I must go and take him.



May 30—1863—Weighed baby today and he weighs ten pounds. He was five weeks old last Friday. He sleeps a good deal but wants attention when awake. Poor little Glenn is crying for papa, and he is doing the chores, as it is nearly night. Dear little fellow; he is tired and wants mama to care for him.

June 18, 1863—Baby is eleven weeks old and not so much trouble. He will sit on my lap and watch Glenn and kitty play. They keep me busy all day long.

August 21, 1863—Our darling little Glenn is dead. Tears blind my eyes and I cannot write any more.

"Only to Thee, dear Lord, would I resign my will;
Tis all I have to give; and Lord,
It seems so small a thing to offer Thee,
Who didst lay down Thy life for me.

"Only to Thee, my Lord, I'd come when trials press,
Assured that Thou alone cans't comfort best;
My deepest griefs I need not to Thee tell,
Thou understandest all, dear Lord so well.

My every fear remove and doubt dispel
I rest on Thee and know that all is well."

Here is a letter written to us by Aunt Mina when baby Glenn died.

OHIO, Sept. 5, 1863.

Dearest Brother and Sister:—

Never before have I sat down to write to you when you were suffering under such a heart rending bereavement. I cannot

write my thoughts and feelings as I would for all I can think of is that my dearest brother is in trouble. Although I presume you are surrounded by loving friends who did all they could to assist in this sad hour, still it will seem to me that you are all alone, as there is no mother or sister there to give a consoling word. I thank God you have a loving wife and kind friends. Tears blind my eyes as I write and I have to stop to wipe them away. Your dear little Glenny is gone from you but he will never know any more sorrow. When he has gone to such a home how could we wish him back. Dear brother, you have never written whether you were trying to get to the Heavenly Land or not, but I have hoped you were, and now I sincerely trust you are able to cast all your cares and sorrows on Him. Perhaps God has taken your little one thinking you would the more readily follow Him. We got your letter last night, and I knew how anxiously you would wait for that little picture. We are going to have one taken from it and put the original in the letter. We will take your letter to father in the

morning. We had so hoped that your dear baby might get better, but all we can do is to live to meet him where parting is never known. I read your letter to little daughter Ida, and she cried as though her heart would break. Never since mother's death has there been a death in father's family till now. While we never saw little Glenn still he was one of our family, and it strikes deep into our hearts and we mourn with you. Little Glenn has only gone a little while before and we cannot tell who will meet him first. Let us be ready. A sad good bye. Your loving sister,

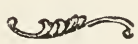
Mina.

"As the present passes away,
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light;
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little; day by day."

Beautiful September has come and gone. Jerome is teaching the school in our district. Today was the first day. He takes his dinner and I miss him more than ever now that the house is so lonely. Baby is almost seven months old. He sits alone and will creep soon. Just now he is lying on the floor, kicking and playing.

Drop by drop the rain is falling,
Grain by grain the sands run lower,
Day by day the time is passing,
Soon we'll be on the other shore.

January 28, 1864—Baby is dear company, as he will soon be nine months old. He is now sleeping. May angels watch over my baby. We named him Benjamin, for dear father, and his second name is Joel, for Jerome's father. They laughed at me for naming him such an old-fashioned name, but I don't care.



August 5, 1864—We moved last spring to Sherman's Mill and Jerome keeps the books. Bennie walked when one year old. He is a pretty child but Oh! what a mischief. It takes me all the time to look after the little rogue. We enjoy the river here, and go boat riding nearly every evening. At first I was dreadfully afraid but soon got over it, and can row a boat as well as Jerome. We have enjoyed living here through the summer very much, but when winter comes business will close down and we must say good bye to these pleasant days.

In September, 1864, we moved from the mill back to the farm, Jerome teaching school again. At last the long winter wore away, but I don't know how I should have gotten through had it not been for one dear friend and neighbor, Mrs. Bond. She came often and was always a comfort to me, and lightened my burdens in many ways. Often, while she tended baby Bennie I would take a walk and the fresh air would do me a world of good, Spring came and Jerome made up his mind to move to Eau Claire. Dear Mrs. Bond helped pack our goods, (we did not have many I can tell you) and soon we were settled in comfortable rooms. We moved in March and Bennie was two the next May, only a baby, but he was so mischievous, it kept poor me busy all the time. He had no fear, and frightened me nearly to death by running up to horses and cows. I thought he would surely be killed, but he is still living.

In June, 1865, another blue-eyed boy came to us. We called him Judson. He

seemed well until about six weeks old, when we both took a severe cold. He never seemed so well after that. He had gatherings in his head and I sat up night after night with him, doing my work in the daytime. Jerome was time keeper at O. H. Ingram's mill, so was busy days. Spring came again and we moved into a house of our own. An epidemic of whooping cough began to rage and both children began to cough the same day. Two weeks from that day, the 22nd of April, he seemed better, and after a play spell dropped off to sleep about 12:30. Half an hour afterward he began to cough. I took him to the door to give him air when he went into a spasm, frightening me nearly to death, for I had never seen anything like it. Mrs. Spaulding had just gone from the house and I called her back. Others came, and everything possible was done but at four o'clock he was at rest. I sometimes think these little ones are taken from us to draw our minds to higher things. Dear baby Juddy. How still the house seemed after he went away. No playthings upon the floor; no little arms twined round my neck; no soft

cheek pressed to mine; no baby shoes and stockings lying round. Those were indeed sad days. It seemed sometimes as though I could not give up my darlings, but again I would think what a safe place the grave is. Temptations, tears, pains and disappointments never enter there, and trials and cares are unknown in that silent resting place. Jesus has the keys and he keeps our loved ones safe, The Lord of glory passed into the sepulcher and from it He opened the paths to life, so I say, "peace be unto thee, thou silent ones."

The shepherd will gather his scattered flock to the one eternal fold at last, for he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Bennie was so bad I thought he would be taken from us also, but gradually improved. Those were lonely summer days for Bennie and me, for Jerome was clerking for French & Giddings and was gone evenings as well as days. I also suffered from fear as soon as it was dark. Winter and spring came and passed. Bennie was up to

all sorts of mischief as usual. One day I read him a piece about sheep shearing. A few days afterward he sheared the kitten all over, and when I talked to him about it he said he was just shearing sheep. Such imitators as children are. We took him to church with us and he was always good. I used to wonder how the child could keep still so long.

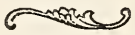
In June little Peter came to us, and in his big blue eyes and sunny face there was a strong resemblance to our lost darlings, and we seemed to love him all the more because of it.

"Oft in the dreamy twilight hours
I sit, and in my arms I hold
My little child whose eyes are blue,
Whose hair is sunny gold.

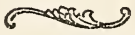
He looks up fondly in my face
And I look fondly down on him;
And with sweet tears of happiness
I feel my eyes grow dim.

The child so like my first born love,
He has the same sweet, quiet face;
In every motion, every smile
A likeness too, I trace."

And so the days, months and years of mama's life have passed. Some seem like a dream so quickly have they gone, but we are pressing along with the world. Soon we will be done with earth's trials, and another generation will take our places. May they do much better than we have.

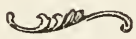


October 14, 1867—Today Petie has been troublesome, but how cunning he is growing. He weighs eighteen pounds and we think he is a beautiful child. I love to kiss his hands and his little white feet when he kicks them out of his petticoat. He knows his papa now and how he will kick and crow when Bennie comes in sight.



October 15, 1867—Have just got baby Pete to bed and it is nine o'clock. He seems to have a cold. He has a habit of waking very early mornings and then we have to get up with him. Will be so glad when he can creep.

October 14, 1867—Some days have passed since I have written anything. Jerome is holding Pete, and I think by the conversation that Bennie is trying to amuse them. Baby has been very good for two or three days when we hold him but when we put him down he will cry—wants to be held constantly except when asleep.



October 15, 1867—I am at liberty a little while as baby is asleep. He has been very good today and has sat in his high chair a good deal. When I took him to get him to sleep he cuddled up to me and began to sing his little song that he sings when going to sleep. Jerome bought him some shoes and stockings today. the first he has had, and they look so cunning on his little feet. Well, good night, my darling baby, Sweet dreams to both you and brother Bennie, who has tried hard to amuse and entertain you today.

Here is a pretty little poem I read today.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and dreary
All her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble,
All our sins and griefs to bear.

She was pointing out the Savior
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so.

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby singer bade her
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

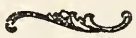
With a simple trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God;
Asking Christ to take her burden,
Owning him as her dear Lord.

Jesus was her only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace into a troubled heart.

October 16, 1867—My Bennie boy is now four and one-half years old, and so far his little life has been full of mischief. He gave me a good night kiss and is now in the safe keeping of the drowsy god. May angels guard him while he sleeps He has been so busy today playing with Leslie Marshall, a little playmate of his. Gracie Spaulding thinks I ought not to let him play any more with Leslie, as he uses bad words. Bennie loves Thedie Spaulding very much and goes over there and thinks he helps him work. He says, "don't we men do lots of work?"

October 17, 1867—Bennie has gone to sleep tonight with a bad cold. I am so afraid he will have the croup. Papa bought him a hobby horse today, which has been great amusement for him. He has not been very good today and has made me a good deal of trouble. When I do something that does not suit him he says, "I will tell my Jerome."

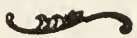


October 18, 1867—Bennie has passed another mischievous day. When I scold him for some of his little capers he says he "only does it for sun." (meaning fun.) He has been riding his pony. He gets his cart in the house and hitches the pony to it, while little Pete watches so closely. Every little while Bennie stops his play to kiss him. Bennie was ill last night. Think it was a cold.

October 21, 1867-- Bennie rose at seven this morning, his regular hour, and has gone his usual rounds again. His Aunt

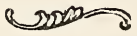
Delia was in this morning and he concluded he was going to go and live with her and Uncle Pete, so he went home with her and stayed all day. I had to go and get him at night and he didn't want to come home, either.

October 23, 1867--Bennie has been so busy today drawing dirt in his little wagon and emptying it on the front door step. As soon as I discovered it I made him take it away. He is loving and tender-hearted. He got down from his chair while he was eating his supper, and came round to me and whispered in my ear, "Mama, I love you much." He went to sleep in his papa's arm chair while I was getting Pete to sleep and is now sleeping soundly, his little troubles all forgotten.



October 25, 1867--Another day has passed over Bennie boy's head. He has not been well and he has been naughty, too. I had

to punish him, which I am always so sorry to have to do.

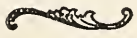


October 28, 1867—Beautiful weather. My Bennie is past four years old, but was there ever such a mischief? Yesterday I went into the dining room and found the clock door open and the pendulum gone. Bennie's high chair stood under the clock shelf so I knew very well who had been there. I went out doors to look for him and found him playing as innocently as you please. I said "Why, Bennie, what have you done to the clock?" "Oh, I just got the watch from it. Now I am like my Jerome," (as he always called his papa.) He had the pendulum in his pocket. What could I do? I told him it was very naughty to do so, and that he must never, never meddle with the clock, and he said, "I surely won't mama," But O, will he remember? I can't trust him. So he goes on from day to day, and it does seem as though he gets into more mischief every single day of his little life. A few evenings

ago when I went to set the table for supper I couldn't find a knife or fork in the house. I called him and asked him what he had done with them, and he said, "Oh, mama, I planted them in the garden. Let them be until morning and there will be a whole lot of little ones come up, and we will let little folks eat with them when they come to see us." Of course I started him after them in a hurry. So the days go on, and when he goes to bed, after giving baby Pete and me many kisses, I go and look at him after he falls asleep and try to think what work he will do when he is a man. As he lies there so calm and peaceful I wonder what he will do tomorrow. It doesn't seem that he wonders long what he will go at. He doesn't plan his business from day to day, as we do, but just gets up and finds something to do as soon as his eyes are open in the morning. Well, good night to my little mischief and the rest of my family.

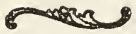
MOTHER.

November 1, 1867—Each day Bennie is getting older and still he does so many things to worry me. I try to coax him, and then I scold, which I know I should not do. I hope, as he gets older, he will grow better. Today we went over to sister Cordelia's and I would have stayed but he was so mischievous and annoyed sister so much I came home. He kept getting into things, jumping on her back when she was putting wood in the stove, climbing up behind her in the chair, pulling her dress and calling her his pony, and was up to everything you could think of. I cannot do as I would if I did not have baby Pete in my arms, often crying. Sometimes Bennie cannot be coaxed to be good, and I have to scold him, but I hope to always let him know that I love him dearly. He went to bed crying because he could not sit up longer and have a pencil and paper.



November 2, 1867—Bennie got up feeling well and happy, and spent the forenoon at his Thedie's as he calls him. He loves

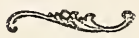
little brother Pete very much. He often gets his little chair and sits down by me and wants to hold Pete. So I will put the little fellow in his lap and he will rock and trot him until the baby hollers to get away from such a baby tender. May they always be as kind to each other as now. Good night my boys.



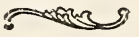
November 10, 1867—Some days have passed since I wrote. Bennie thinks so much of Mrs. Spaulding lately. He wants to live there. He was croupy last night.

November 11, 1867—Bennie was over to see his Gracie again today. He was very naughty tonight at the supper table. He wanted bread and butter but wouldn't say "please" to his papa, or "Jerome," as he calls him, for a long time. I told him a story about a naughty girl who wouldn't say please, and he finally said it, and felt all right. He went a piece with his Jerome and kissed him, as he always does.

November 12, 1867—Well, my son Bennie has been over with papa to Truaxe's store, (where Jerome now works) all the afternoon. I had a quilting and thought he would be out of the way more. He came home at supper time as noisy and full of mischief as ever.

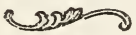


November 17, 1867—I have been so busy I have not written for several days. Master Bennie has been attending to business as ever. Today he poured water in the flour barrel and threw the wash dish in the well. Have just undressed him and put him to bed and he is asleep. Good night, Bennie boy.



November 18, 1867—Bennie is now asleep but has passed the day as usual, romping and playing with Jerome. He went over to Truaxe's and came home with his clothes all dirt. I asked him what did

make him act so, and he said it was "cause he went over to unchs" (meaning uncle) Pete's, what made him so "chievous and naughty."

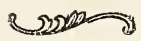


November 19, 1867—Little ones are fast asleep at six o'clock this evening. I have been sewing since, thinking of the past and planning for the future. The day has been a happy one and the children have been so well and good.

November 20, 1867—Evening again. How rapidly the weeks are rolling around. Time is bearing us swiftly along. I feel tonight that I want to try more earnestly and faithfully to serve my Heavenly Father, and lead my little ones to Him. No earthly friend can compare with Him.

November 21, 1867—Today it did seem as if the children thought of everything

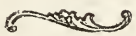
naughty to do. I was cleaning house, and after I had my windows washed they found some cloths and began washing them in some dirty water. How can I help scolding, and yet I feel ashamed of myself for doing it. Now they are sleeping sweetly. May God watch over them, is mother's prayer.



November 22 1867—This is Saturday, and the day has begun cloudy and dark, and so it will end, if I judge rightly. It snowed this morning, but there are no clouds in our home. Peace rests with us as a family. God bless our home. May his presence ever shine within, around, and about us.

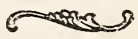
December 6, 1867—Dear old diary. How many neglected days have you seen lately. We have passed some sad and anxious days since last I wrote in you. Jerome has been quite sick. Was threatened with a fever. We broke it up but he does not

seem at all well yet. Then our darling baby was taken so ill, and for days we feared we would lose him. How earnestly we prayed that he might be spared to us. He seems better day by day, and we thank God for His goodness. Good night, my darling boys.



December 10, 1867—Jerome seems almost himself again, and baby Pete is getting better each day, but it is such a task to take care of him. He will let no one but mama do anything for him. I am so tired, but feel that he has had the hardest part. The Master has said, "as thy day is so shall thy strength be," and with this promise before me I keep on. We have had a good girl for the two weeks the baby has been sick, and I don't know what I should have done without her, but she is going soon We do not feel able to keep help, as Jerome is out of work at present. The company he was working for has gone into bankruptcy. He may teach the school near here. I do not feel like complaining

for we have plenty to eat and clothes to wear, while so many are left with nothing. Jerome has not been quite himself since he was sick and tonight his throat is sore and he looks bad. May each one of my family rest sweetly tonight under the protecting care of the Father above.



December 14, 1867—Sometimes Jerome thinks he would like to go to California or Oregon, or somewhere besides Wisconsin. Then I think, how can I leave my dear father and mother and brothers and sisters. No more to see their loving faces, nor hear from them except through occasional letters. I do not like to think about it.

The children are quite well now, and were so delighted tonight when papa came home and brought them some apples, of which they are very fond. As I sit here I can hear the church bells ringing, but I cannot go My little ones are sweetly sleeping under the watchful care of one who never sleepeth, and who is never

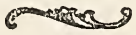
weary of caring for us. Petie wants so much attention since he was sick, and if I do not take him he will cry, and cry, just as loud as he can. Jerome says he would whip him if he were in my place, but I will not, for I know he is not well or he would not do so.

December 16. 1867—The sun shone brightly this Sabbath morning, but now it has disappeared behind dark clouds and everything looks dreary. How like to this is life, filled with sunshine and shadow. Let us not be discouraged, even though clouds overshadow our pathway, for they will pass away and the sun will shine once more.

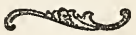
Petie is gaining, and we do enjoy seeing him among his playthings again. He cries so at times, I do not know what to do with him, but he will be better soon and forget his naughty little ways.

Winter has indeed come. The ground is covered with snow, and it is so cold. It makes me think of a home farther south

where the winters are not so long, but as yet we do not know when we will go. Jerome is teaching the school here this winter.



December 31, 1867—The last day of the old year and I will take time to write a few lines. A girl has been here washing and Bennie has tried his best to be a good boy. He seems to have a cold in his head and is not feeling very well. Good bye, old year of 1867.



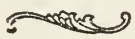
January 4, 1868—Bennie has been to church today. He teased to come home and did not act a bit good. I suppose he was tired, it is so hard for him to keep still, poor little fellow. Sometimes I feel so sorry for him because he is so mischievous. He delights to tease and hector the very life out of one. Jerome picked up my book tonight and wrote the following lines in it. "My boys, Bennie and Petie, are fast

asleep in their beds. I hope they will both be good boys this year." I am so pleased that he wrote them.

January 15, 1868—Bennie is sleeping, Hope he will always be as free from care as now. I am afraid he will have the croup tonight.

January 20, 1868—My little Ben has gone to church with his papa. He is always very anxious to go if Jerome is going, for he loves him very dearly. I hope he will grow up to be a good man, or if he is taken in childhood may I be reconciled. We wish to meet those who have gone before and be a united family.

Mother.

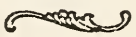


January 27, 1868—Bennie has been in bed an hour and is as wide awake as ever. It seems as though his little tongue will never run down. He went to church with

me but kept whispering to his uncle Pete and was not good at all. To tell the truth, there are not many times when he is good, and it seems as though he is naughtier Sundays than any other day. Perhaps it is because I have more time to notice it on Sunday.

February 25, 1868 — Many days have passed since I have written anything of little Ben. His papa is up to Jims Falls and we are so lonely without him. Bennie has been very well since I wrote last but as mischievous as ever. Sometimes we find the teakettle out doors somewhere, filled with snow and dirt; again, the broom handle will be put in the molasses jar, or a loaf of bread on the floor. What a life he does lead poor me!

Mother.



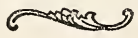
April 30, 1866—The last day of the month has come and gone and tomorrow my dear little Bennie will be five

years old. I remember well when I used to take his baby hands and wonder what theywould do when older. I guess I know pretty well what they have done so far; up to mischief all the day long. I hope he will improve in the next five years. I have tried to keep him from other children, for I am so afraid he will learn to swear.

May 1, 1868—Bennie's birthday has come and gone. I asked him what he would like for supper on his birthday. He clapped his little hands and said, "O, some pancakes" (his favorite dish.) So we had pancakes and maple syrup for supper, then I gave him a bath and he went to bed happy, because I told him he could go and see grandpa and grandma tomorrow. May God bless and keep him, my innocent darling.

May 3, 1868—Bennie enjoyed his ride to grandpa's but got some tired; I wanted him to read today, but he did not want to, and

said, "if I made him he would speak cross to his letters." He has gone after kindling to make a fire.



May 4, 1868—Bennie is up to all sorts of mischief as usual. We went to Sabbath school today, but as soon as we got there he ran home and rummaged around to find a book, he said, but came back without it. He and his papa had a great time playing ball by throwing blocks at each other. I thought he would make himself sick laughing.

May 17, 1868—Poor little mischievous Bennie is fast asleep. He has been whipped twice today, poor little fellow. This morning he ran away up to Mrs. Gidding's and stayed until I went after him, leaving baby Pete asleep. I found him playing with his "Lily", as he calls her. He thinks so much of her and leads her around by the hand. When we got home Jerome whipped him and told him not to go down

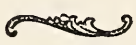
stairs again today, but within an hour down he went and ran over to Mrs. Cass's so I had to whip him again.

Mother.

May 18, 1868—Bennie awoke this morning. bright and rosy, and the first words he said were, "Why mama, I slept all night with my eyes wide open." It is a beautiful Sabbath morning and he is very anxious about Sunday school. He has learned the first three verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and he can say every word. Our little family is all so happy. It is such a lovely morning we could hardly be otherwise.

May 25, 1868—Another Sabbath has passed. Bennie was in my class as Mrs. Giddings was not there. He stands here by me as I am writing. The darling is very tired and I will put him to bed. I think some of sending him to school, as he will run away in spite of me.

June 1, 1868—Sabbath morn. We have been to church and little Ben was better than he is sometimes, but I want him to be still better. He is learning the Lord's prayer and we recite it in concert.



June 8, 1868—Bennie's little life is written out very slowly, but not acted slowly, I can tell you. Never was there a busier boy, never. Jerome and Mr. Inghram have gone to see if they can find some blackberries. Ben and myself went to Sabbath school this morning. This afternoon he went out just after Jerome went and was gone two or three hours. I could not go to look for him for baby wasn't well, but at last he went to sleep, and then I started. To my astonishment I found him fast asleep on a lumber pile.

September 13, 1868—We are about ready to start for Ohio.

Jims Falls, Sept. 27, 1868.

Dear Bell, Bennie and Pete—It is Sunday night and almost nine o'clock. I have just finished reading Grant's Mississippi campaign from the beginning to the fall of that stronghold of treason, Vicksburg. I hunted up the book that contains that charming story, "The Woman's Kingdom," smoked a pipe of tobacco, and at last picked up my old goose quill to send a message of love to my pets. Kiss Bennie and Pete for me every night and tell them to be good boys till papa comes. Mama will be good, of course. We have been running lumber today although the water is rather low. Mr. and Mrs. Giddings left for Eau Claire this morning. I was down to help them off. She intends to stay for a few days. Mr. French was here this morning but brought me no letter. I shall expect one tomorrow as the team goes down there. When I got home from Eau Claire I found our cow very sick, and we have been expecting she would die every day this week. Today she seems a little better. I am well satisfied with my boarding house, and the sleeping arrangements are complete, thanks to your care for my comfort. I have not been very lonesome yet, for I made up my mind from the start that I had to stay alone for at least four weeks, if not more. I do not think I can leave here until after election in November. Mr. Casey says three weeks will saw all the logs that can be brought, and if that is the case one week will settle with the men, and then—

Will close now with love to all.

From Jerom e Champion.

Eau Claire, October 4, 1868.

Dear Sister:—It is Sunday morning and I will write you a few lines. I was glad to hear that you got there all right. Pete got home last Tuesday night and is pretty well. I have a very bad cold and am nearly sick. The folks on the prairie are all well, I think. I suppose you are enjoying yourself immensely, eating apples and peaches. Eat some for me too. Pete brought home a basket of fine ones and I preserved them. I hope the children will get fat eating fruit. I suppose you are at Uncle Ike's by this time. Give my love to them all. Write if you are going to stay there until Jerome comes. I have not heard anything from him since you left, so don't know whether he can go soon or not. I hope he can, for I think you will get homesick, but you must try not to. Tell Bennie he must be a good boy and mind his mother, and he must bring me a nice apple. Write if they are having lots of apples and if they are good. How do they sell? I want Pete to buy four or five barrels for winter before the boats stop running. If they have plenty of peaches you must dry lots and bring them home. Write soon. From your sister,

Cordelia Truax.

P. S. Mrs. Van Hovenburg sends her love to you and the children.

Jims Falls, October 6th, 1868.

Dear wife:—This is Tuesday night, nearly ten o'clock and I have just received your two letters and after reading them I have come to the conclusion that you had a hard journey, almost too much for you. Use the utmost caution in regard to your health, for it would be a sad dilemma to be taken down with fever and ague in a place which seems to be so infected with it. In regard to going on to Ohio I would hate to have you undertake the journey unless you feel able to make it alone. Will leave it for you to decide. I will send ten dollars in this letter, ten in the next and so on, so that by the time you are ready to go, if you conclude to do so, you will have money enough. I laugh when I think what a fix you would have been in had your money played out entirely before you reached your destination. However, I will try and send you enough for your next trip. I sent you a letter by the team yesterday, and in case you have left there I suppose they will forward it anyway. I see your letters are directed to Eau Claire instead of West Eau Claire, which is probably the reason of my not getting them before. Be sure, my dear, that you put the "west" on all the rest for I do not like to miss any of them. I happened that night to think that might be the reason so I told the teamster to call on the east side for my mail. He did so, and here they are, precious things, for they bring me news of those I hold most dear on earth. Do not fail to take the

best care of your health. Tell Bennie papa says he must hurrah for Seymour and bring out his loudest cheers for Grant. I would hate to be the sire of a son degenerate enough to hold up his hands for treason, or hurrah for a man who stands on a platform framed and moulded by traitors. I begin to feel that this question is coming in full force to every hearthstone throughout the country, and if that platform carries God protect the right. Kiss those little ones for me every night, and I know you will bring them up in the way they should go. I can hardly tell any thing about the time I can leave here. In all probability not before election. We have only about two weeks' sawing, but it has rained nearly all day and may bring another rise in the river. I will write often and keep you informed about the thing anyway. Our cow died tonight, and we shall hold a post mortem examination tomorrow. I enjoy myself as well as you can expect, but miss you all a little of course. It is eleven o'clock and I am finishing this to send by one of our men, who goes to Eau Claire to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, and he leaves before daylight. I am going to town and out on the prairie next Saturday. I hope to hear from you again. I will give you more news when I am not in so much of a hurry.

Your loving husband,

Jerome B. Champion.

Jims Falls, Oct. 7th, 1868.

Dear wife:

I am at my desk and as I sit looking out of the window what do you suppose I see? The ground, where it is not covered with water, and the mill roof, all covered with snow, and the air full of snowflakes. It has been snowing all day, and on the whole, a very disagreeable one. I sent a letter to you this morning with ten dollars inclosed and will send a post office order for twenty more, which will be enough, with what you have, to carry you to Ohio, if you feel like going. I rather feel you would be better off at Father's than anywhere else, and I rather think fruit of all kinds is plenty there this year, so I think you will enjoy better health, which is a great item in this world. There are many places for you to visit out there, but you may feel better by this time and not want to go. I will leave it with you to decide, tho I know all of my folks will be right glad to see you and the children. You certainly must get fat before I come. Do not work unless you feel abundantly able. If you go to Father's I think the children won't be so much trouble to you, as mother and Em will relieve you of a great deal of anxiety on their account. Now remember, "Health goes before Wealth." Well, dear, this is afternoon, and the snow has ceased to fall but the clouds and the surrounding scenery look decidely wintry. Mr. Ingraham has just gone up to bring that white Republican Calf into the barn so that this wintry night won't put him in the same condition as his mother.

I took tea up stairs tonight. Had warm biscuit and honey; the first of the season, taken from a tree in the woods by Dr. Nicholas Mrs. Ingraham thinks you will be ready to come home when I have made my visit and start. You can make no calculations when I will be coming, for the end of the sawing season here with us is a time we are all looking for, but can not conceive when it will arrive Mr. Giddings said to-day he had half a mind to shut the mill down soon, but I can't tell anything about it. I wish it would be tomorrow but I must bide my time One thing is certain, they can't saw all winter without stopping. Well, Belle, this Thursday morning dawns as brightly as any summer morning, tho the ground is white with snow. Under this sun it will disappear before noon. The expected rise in the river was squelched by last night's frost, and I expect to see the beginning of the end before long. I am getting everything ready, as far as I can, so that when the mill is shut down it will take but a few days to make my settlements. I must quit this sort of scribbling from day to day or I will not have an envelope big enough to hold it. I expect the team will go down tomorrow, when I will forward this long epistle. Well, Belle, night again and I have a fire up stairs and must finish this before I sleep. I will not be able to go to Eau Claire this week, but would like to go down before I am ready to come. If you think of coming home when I do perhaps you had better go on to father's on the receipt of this, but of course you can tell best what you want to do. You are so far away now I will not try to exercise any

authority over you whatever, in fact, I guess 'twould be of no use any way. Do you think it would my dear? I have to send this letter open to Eau Claire so Horace can get the money order and put it in and then forward it to you, or else I might be tempted to write considerable of a love letter, but prying eyes might be anxious to see the contents. I'll talk lots, however, when I get where you are. Tell Bennie, to mind mama, then papa will toss him. Accept a good night kiss for yourself and the children from

Jerome Champion.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Jims Falls, Oct. 11, 1868.

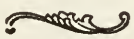
Dear wife and children;

Another Sunday morning has dawned clear and pleasant tho the wind is southerly and betokens rain. The rise in the river, which I wrote you before, was squelched by the frost, recovered in a day or two and is now upon us, so that we find it our duty to desecrate this beautiful Sabbath by running lumber; a duty my dear, that lumbermen owe to themselves and their fellow men. Mrs. Hiylman and family went on Friday last. Well, Belle, this is the Sunday I expected to go down on the Prairie and see some of the folks.

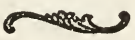
but you see I failed to make my calculations come around as I wanted them to. If I can't leave here in two weeks more I must try and go down next Sunday. I have heard nothing from any of them and I do not want to be disappointed about my money matters when I am ready to go, for of course that would be a very aggravating condition of things, as I do not want to have many days elapse from the time I leave Jims Falls till I drop into your arms, either in Ohio or Illinois; extend them when you see me coming for you will have a big armful. I am getting fat every day, so the boys say. I have sent you thirty dollars in all now, and you may be on your way to Ohio when you get this, if so, all right, if not all right, don't you say so? Mrs. Stubb was in the store, that woman that was sick, you know. Doc's squaw is down quite often, but I tell you, Belle, I have come to the conclusion that as long as I have a wife as kind and handsome as you are, I don't want anything to do with anybody else's wife or daughter. Calkans, Charley and I went down to the wigwam the other day and saw one hog and innumerable children, which disgusted us entirely and we left for home as soon as we got there. I found nothing enticing in the race whatever and don't propose to commune with them at all. I guess I better quit till evening for something might turn up before night I would like to tell you of. Well, my dear little wife, another day is past and I find myself with pen in hand as usual. I don't know whether you write as many letters for me as I do for you or not or whether you receive any of mine; this is the fourth I

have written and have received only two, and those, one written the Friday after you left, and one Sunday, and they both came at once. I expect Mr. Giddings will bring one tomorrow, certainly. I hope, now that they are able to run the lumber away the mill will stop soon. I expect to be able to leave here in two weeks, if not will notify you in my next letter, which will be along soon enough to suit you, for probably you are busy now a days. I am getting mighty anxious to hear from you again, for I thot from the tone of those other letters that you were nearer sick than you were willing to admit. Keep nothing from me of that kind, for if you or the children get sick I will come immediately to you, business or not. Eliza Casey is to be married as soon after the mill shuts down as convenient. She says, "Matt and her father had the arrangements all made before she knew any thing about it." Now, how would you like to marry in that way, my dear? With love

Jerome Champion.



Little by little, sure and slow
We fashion our future bliss or woe.



If thou wilt enter life, keep the commandments. Math. 19-17.

Jims Fall, October 14, 1868—It is Wednesday night and I am at my old capers, writing you a letter. I don't know whether you get any of them or not, as I have had only those first two from you. The teams came up today at noon, but no mail for Champion. How I do wish I could be with you these days, as the weather is so pleasant. Hope it is so there. My dear, I am coming bye and bye. Mr. Giddings is busy most of the time seeing to the lumber going over the falls so it would be impossible for me to leave here until the lumber is all down the river. We have logs enough to last this week and no longer, unless they are driven down, which I hardly think they will do. All the republicans want me to stay until after election, which I may be compelled to do, but if I am ready one week before I think I shall start, for though I would like very much to vote I am confident that Grant and Colfax will be elected by a large majority without my ballot, but every little helps. Hoping to hear from my dear little wife and babies soon I am their most obedient servant,

Yours lovingly,

Jerome Champion.

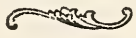
Here is another letter he wrote me while I was still visiting in Illinois with uncle and aunts and cousins and waiting for him to get ready to go with me to his father in Ohio. Bennie was old enough to get into mischief and Pete learned to walk while there.

Jims Falls, October 25, 1868—My very dear wife and children—Last night I received three letters from you and one from father. These are the first I have had since those two while at your cousin's and you must know that I was beginning to get awfully anxious at not hearing from you, inasmuch as you had promised to write every week at least, and I knew you would do it. Why those letters did not come sooner I could not imagine, nor can I think of any reason yet. I hope to be able to meet you face to face pretty soon, and that will obviate the necessity of writing, and taking so many chances of not getting our mail. I feel like a new man this morning after reading those three letters over the second time, and seeing how well you and the children are enjoying yourselves down there in Illinois. I am glad they were so glad to see you, and that they take so much pains to make your visit pleasant. I feel like giving them all a hearty hand shake for making you so happy. I would like to have seen little Pete on your lap on horse back. He must

have been wild with delight, and you will have hard work to get Bennie to leave such good times. This is a very pleasant Indian summer day, and if this kind of weather continues I expect to have some grand times in Ohio, for I shall try and come soon, say immediately after election. They have quit sawing and are waiting for money to pay off the men before I leave. Mr. Giddings is expecting a nephew whom he thinks will be able to look after the store by my showing him for a week or so, but if he knows nothing about such business he will be a poor stick. I do not anticipate any trouble from his getting my position. I think he is perfectly green at this kind of business, consequently he can never take charge of the books without making hard work for the company.

This trip is going to cost us considerable money, but when I see how well you and the children are enjoying yourselves I do not regret at all that you started, but am so glad of it. I would make the same expenditure every fall for your happiness, knowing well I would be rewarded for it by your own dear self. Good bye. Kisses for little ones and great love for you and them also.

Jerome.

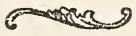


The common ingredients of long life are rest, temperance, open air, easy labor and little care.

As I copy these old letters those days come back, and it seems as though dear papa was with us again. Oh, those happy days! they have passed away for ever. Papa was always so good and true to his family. None could say otherwise. To-night, as with pen laid aside I sit with folded hands to think of those dear letters, how it brings back memories of him. It seems I am just living it over again. Oh, that I might! Such a strain of love and affection runs through each line for his family. They were all the world to him. When I took Bennie and baby Pete to Illinois I was not very well and he was very anxious for me. It was several weeks later before he could come and it was the longest we had ever been separated from each other. When he wrote that he was coming my heart was filled with joy, and the little ones were so glad papa was coming. His dear old parents had not seen him for eight years and they were overjoyed. When I saw him coming up the walk I just stepped aside and let his mother get to him first, it had been so long since she had seen him. It was surely a happy meeting for all of us,

and tonight it all comes back to me so real. It seems as though I can feel his presence with me tonight. We remained with his people four weeks, enjoying every day as it passed along. The weather was very beautiful. But time was on the wing and soon we had to bid them good bye and go back to our beloved home. It was a delightful, long remembered trip for all of us, and did us a world of good. We came home feeling rested, and better able to take up the duties of life where we had lain them down for a brief period of time, and go on with them to the end of our journey. Although we enjoyed every minute of our trip still we were very glad to see the old familiar faces once more, and felt like exclaiming with the poet.

"Thro pleasures and palaces tho oft I may roam
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."



January 3, 1869—How time flies; we went to Ohio and were gone three months.

January 26, 1869--Bennie goes to school every day, and they say he keeps the teacher and scholars laughing all the time. Well, he does say some funny things. Brother Tom drove up here the other day. Bennie ran and jumped in the sleigh and said to uncle Tom "I will hold the horses while you go up to see my wife." (meaning me.)

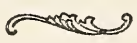
MOTHER.

February 8, 1869--Bennie is sleeping. I do not think he feels very well. Poor little mischief; he gets into all kinds of trouble. I punished him today for being naughty to baby Pete. It seems he cannot play with baby without hurting him. I hate to scold and punish him so much, but I just don't know what to do. My darling one, good night. Mother.

February 15, 1869—A week has gone by since I have found time to open these pages. How time flies. I think my Bennie would make it fly for any one. The other day I made a cake and frosted it.

Master Bennie stood by, very carefully watching the operation. Soon I missed him from the kitchen, and knowing he would be in mischief wherever he was, I started to hunt him up. I found him up stairs and what do you suppose he was doing? He had cut up all the toilet soap he could find and put it in the wash bowl. Then he added water and made a great white suds and then had taken a tooth brush and gone all over the bedstead with it. It looked dreadful. I said to him "Bennie Champion, what are you doing?" "Oh, just frosting the bedstead. Doesn't it look pretty?" He was working so hard at it that I actually had to laugh. But what will I do with him? Can any one tell me?

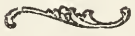
Bell.



March 20, 1869—Bennie sits in his little rocking chair eating bread and milk. He still reads in his book, but doesn't like to. He said today he wished every word in his book was a finger and there was a blood vessel in each one. He would bleed them

to death and then he wouldn't have to read any more. I am sorry he dislikes his book so much. He likes to run away over to Mrs. Giddings and play with Lily. He doesn't seem to care much about getting with street boys. Darling Bennie, mother hopes you will grow up to be a good man.

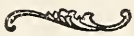
Mother.



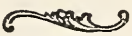
April 9, 1869—Friday evening, and little Bennie is sleeping as soundly as though trouble never crossed his little pathway. Mama knows he has his little troubles and disappointments, and they are big to him. Poor little son: I pity him. Jerome has been gone all day to Chippewa on business, and Bennie got in all the night wood and was such a good boy. Last Wednesday we were invited up to McCann's sugar camp to eat warm sugar. What a time we had getting there through the mud, water and snow. Jerome drew Pete part way and then carried him, and I led Bennie. Our feet were soaking wet. The children

were delighted. We had plenty of warm maple syrup to eat and they gave us some to bring home.

April 19, 1869—This afternoon Bennie is down stairs somewhere. He doesn't like to stay up here very well. He is a funny little fellow. The other day he said "damn" and looked at me. Then he said, "mama, that isn't naughty, you know there's a dam down in the river. That is the one I mean." He surely is the limit. Good bye, boy. Mother



May 6, 1869—Bennie has been down to Eau Claire to his grandma's for nearly three weeks and his papa has gone down to get him.



May 7, 1869—Friday has come and gone and evening is here and still it has not

brought dear Jerome and Bennie home. I am so disappointed. I have worked all day with the expectation of their being home tonight, but I must give it up. Perhaps tomorrow will bring them. I think maybe little Bennie is sick but I hope not. Jerome has been gone three days and they seem so long to me. I hear a noisy crew of men in the street and my mind goes to that hellish saloon. I realize that soon my little boys will be grown and out of my care. Suppose they go to saloons. There are many pleasures to call the young into the snare. If once in bad company they will find it a chain that is hard to break. May they lift up their hearts to Him who has said "Ask, and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you," and ask earnestly to be kept from temptation. They will find themselves surrounded on all sides by so called friends, who are more friends to their money than to them. When invited to go to improper places may their answer be a decided nay, nay. Bennie loves sport and fun, and I often fear that he will be easily led where sin and pleasures reign. Oh; Bennie darling; watch and pray

always, for thou knowest Him who loves thee with great affection would wish no such snare to entangle thee. Flee from what is not good and great, and seek that which will profit thee. I will not say more, as I think Bennie will be wise and choose the good path.

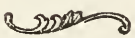
Pete and I have been very happy today preparing for the expected ones but our expectations are blighted. Tomorrow we will look again, for as the week is drawing to a close I think they will surely come.

Seven o'clock Saturday evening and my dear ones are not here yet. The beautiful sun has risen and set, but I must say the sad words, they have not come. I am so disappointed it has almost made me sick. Dear little Pete and I have looked so anxiously for them. For three days we have hoped each night would bring them. I cannot understand the reason for the delay, as Jerome said he should certainly return Friday. and perhaps before. I am so afraid it is sickness. I could think of nothing else this afternoon and I know I shall not sleep a wink tonight. Little Bennie must

want to see mama by this time. I am so disappointed I do not know what to do, but I must try and keep in mind the precious promises in the following lines.

"Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

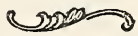


May 9, 1866--Sunday afternoon our long looked for loved ones came tumbling up the stairs well and hearty. I seized Bennie and showered his funny little face with kisses. He had grown fat and rosy since he was gone. But what a commotion! It doesn't seem like Sunday. Playthings are pulled out of sacks and scattered over the floor; dollies, pails of candy. apples, raisins, and many other things. Bennie takes

great delight in showing them to master Pete, who stands off with folded hands and looks and wonders.

May 10, 1869—Monday evening and Bennie sleeping so soundly. I am so happy that my little family is all at home again. Bennie has been busy calling on his little friends after his three week's absence.

Isabell.



September 1866—I have not written since May. The little ones are still up and doing. We all went down to our folks in June and stayed five weeks. The boys enjoyed it so much. When we came home they missed milk so much that Jerome bought a cow, and we are so glad.

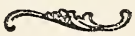
Pete takes a great notion to a slate and pencil and has quite an idea of drawing. He is a regular little mimic, and tries to do just as brother Bennie does. Sometimes

Bennie gets a naughty streak on and teases him, and sometimes I am sorry to say, I speak impatiently to him, and that spoils the disposition of a child. I do so want to do better, and mean to try to.

September 18, 1869—Another beautiful Sabbath morning with the sun shining so brightly, and the birds singing their sweet songs. Petie is sleeping so I will spend a few moments writing. He wanted to go to Mrs. Ingraham's this morning and then he ran from there out doors. He was enjoying it so much and when I took him in he cried, so I rocked him to sleep. I do not want him to play out on Sunday. He declared it was not Sunday. He talks everything now and we think he is so cunning. Last week sister Mate, Ellen Southmaid and Clara Paul came up and stayed a week, and they had great fun with the children. I think they had a pleasant time, hope so anyway.

Isabell.

September 25, 1869—My family is all well this lovely Sunday morning, so I feel that I had much to be thankful for. The children are busy playing with a little set of dishes Jerome sent to Eau Claire and got for them. They had spent most of their time with them since they came. Pete got up before daylight to play. Soon he came to my bed and wanted mama to get up and dress him, he was cold, so mama did, and he has been so busy ever since.



Evening—How unworthy I feel tonight of any good thing. I have felt cross and unhappy all day. The children are so full of life today, and I have had to talk almost constantly to them, and especially Bennie. Poor, little unfortunate Bennie, so mischievous he cannot keep still. They have made more noise and commotion than a dozen children ought to, and it gets me so nervous I don't know what to do. I hope I shall feel better tomorrow as it is Monday and much to do.

September 26, 1869—Monday has passed, and now at nine o'clock I find time to say a word to you, old diary! Bennie and Pete went to bed at seven, weary with their day's work. They are so anxious to get out doors, but it seems so cold I didn't want them out. It is harder, as we live up stairs over the store. I often wish we had a yard for them to play in. They have so many kisses to give mama before going to bed that it takes them a long time to get settled for the night. The darlings; May the Heavenly Father care for each of them tonight, so good bye till morning comes.

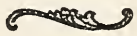
Mother.

September 30, 1869—The day has been lovely and we have enjoyed it exceedingly. We went out for a walk this morning, and now, as little ones have been so busy all day they are tired and want me to sing to them. One of their favorites of late is this little song:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen His kind look when He said
Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below
I shall see and hear Him above."



October 1, 1869—Another Sabbath has come and gone and I find myself before these pages again. Such beautiful Indian summer weather; the pleasantest time of the year to me. How pleasant it would be for us if only Jerome were at liberty to spend a few days with us, riding, walking and visiting our friends, especially dear father and mother. I have not seen them since July and that seems a long time. We are hoping they may come and spend a week or so with us soon. The children

would enjoy their coming so much. Petie wants mama to sing about dear grandpa and grandma every time I get him to sleep.

The leaves are fading and falling to the ground, and all things tell that winter is coming again soon. How quickly the summer has come and gone! So with life; it is passing so quickly away. Soon we go to come no more. How necessary it is that we should each be prepared to give up earthly things, and join the number who are seeking a home where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where parting is unknown. May all my family be gathered there.

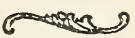
At evening the boys love to see the sun set, and then watch as the stars come out one by one, but as that is their bed time I am obliged to have them bid good night to their dream study and tuck them in their little beds.

Bell.

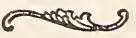
October 6, 1869—This evening, just as the sun was bidding good night to the

world, I took little Pete in my arms and stepped out on the porch where he could see the lovely sunset. It was a beautiful sight, and Bennie admired it so much and asked so many questions about it. He seems to think these things so strange. The little philosopher!

October 8, 1869—Sunday afternoon. Time is passing rapidly along. The past days have been lovely ones. There is a great deal of sickness here this fall, and so few comfortable places for the men who work and are boarding at the boarding house. I pity them so much.



October 17, 1869—The sickness is dreadful among the millmen. Children not very well. Anxious Mother.



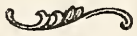
October 23, 1869—Monday evening. How lovely the day has been, but still we have felt so lonely, for we miss one dear one

from our circle. Brother Tom came up from Eau Claire and took Bennie home with him. There is so much sickness around we thought perhaps he would be better off down there. Pete cried so when Bennie went. He calls himself "mama's pet lamb," and Bennie "papa's pet lamb."

October 26, 1869--Pete is sleeping. He does not seem very well, but perhaps it is because I am nervous about him. I am so afraid Jerome may get ill too, but I hope and pray not. Bell.

October 29, 1869—Bennie has not come home yet. The day has been cloudy and gloomy, and it chimes in well with my feelings. We had a letter from sister Mate today saying Bennie is well and happy. I am so tired tonight, and I wonder why I try to write a line of something that is of no interest to anyone but myself. Then I look away in the future and I see my boys looking in silence on these pages, and as

they go on they may think of the tender words mother spake to them. May these pages prove a check to keep them from paths of sinfulness. They cannot fail to know the feelings of my heart toward them and that my earnest wish is for them to grow up to be good men. Good night to my darlings. Mother.

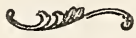


October 30, 1869—I sit here by my window tonight with little Pete on my lap and we are looking at the sunset. The room is filled with a beautiful light which is reflected from the west. It looks like a city of gold and crimson; but the golden light is dying, the splendor passing away, and soon the room will be in darkness. It was only the shadow of a lovely sunset. Bennie is still down to his grandpa's, Sister Mate writes often and says he is enjoying himself finely, but the days are cold, and I am afraid he will run out and take cold. Jerome is going down next week and then he will come home with him. How glad we shall be.

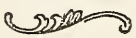
October 31, 1869—The last day of October has passed. It has been a lovely day, and now I will say good bye to the month. As the months go by we are nearing each day that resting place of all mankind, and to-night I do not feel as though I was one bit good. This is a bad place to bring up children in, but I don't suppose we shall be here much longer. Bell.

November 1, 1869—The day has been so lovely. Very warm and pleasant. We opened doors and windows and let the breezes and lovely sunshine in through the house. Petie and I were so busy and happy. He went around singing bits of song he had learned, hearing me sing them, and sometimes he surprises me by repeating line after line of songs he has heard sung. We had an early dinner, and Jerome had one of the men who has been so ill come in and eat with us, so it was a happy meal. When the dinner work was done up we went up to Mrs. Giddings to see the

new baby. Pete ran, jumped and fell down times without number, but laughed it all off, he was so happy.



November 15, 1869—Bennie has come home and we are so glad. He and Petie have great times together. They have a kitty that they think a great deal of. Sometimes they get into little disputes, and that troubles me. I talk to them and try to have them do right. Bennie reads every day and is learning very fast.



November 17, 1869—I have been busy all the day long. The little ones have been so good, and went to bed happy as birds, after kissing mama many times. Part of them were for papa and part for mama.

November 18, 1869—I can hardly realize that my Bennie is getting so old. He is seven next spring. and growing so fast. He often tries to sing, but makes a failure of it, although he tried hard enough.

November 19, 1869—Another day, with its joys and anxieties, has passed. How many times I wish there was church we could attend, but there is none here. Once in a while a stray minister comes along and holds services in the school house, and then we all go and consider it quite a treat.

Isabell.

November 20, 1869—My family is all sleeping but myself, and I hope soon to be in the land of dreams too. Bennie prayed tonight that God would keep grandpa and grandma well, and that they might come up and spend a week with us. This seems to be always in his prayers. May the answer come soon. May God watch over and keep us this night, as he is doing from day to day, and night after night. But here it is nearly ten o'clock and I am still writing, but often yawning. so I think my place is in bed. Jerome came from the store some time ago and went to his rest. May we all sleep, trusting the Heavenly Father's blessing will rest upon us through the night. Good bye, old writings.

Isabell.

November 22, 1869—Could you look in on my little family just now you would find them asking questions about the night, the stars and the heavens. But soon they begin to feel the need of sleep and are off to Dreamland. Bennie has been very good since he came home. When he kneels at night to pray he remembers all his friends, especially grandpa and grandma, and sweet aunt Mate. I get tired when I work hard, but I didn't get cross today, though I have had to talk to the children a good deal. Bennie has a new overcoat, of which he is very proud. I try to teach him that he must not be vain over his clothes, as God is not pleased with us if we are. A minister came here from Bloomer, took dinner with us and then preached in the school house. He was here last August, and thinks he may be able to come once a month. I hope he will, as it seems such a privilege to have a speaker once in a while. It is better for children to be taught to go to church when they are young that they may early learn of "those mansions above" which are so beautifully described in the following verses:

THOSE MANSIONS ABOVE.

"O for a home in those mansions above;
O for a rest in that haven of love;
O to be free from this body of sin,
This warfare without, these conflicts within.

Give me, dear Savior, a heart wholly Thine,
A heart that can feel "my beloved is mine,"
A heart that can say, "I know I am His,"
That, ransomed from woe, I am purchased for bliss!

Give me, O Father, Thy Spirit Divine,
Proving the purchased possession is Thine,
The earnest of joys they only can know
Who walk in the light of the Spirit below.

On me then bestow that armor complete
That covers the head and reaches the feet,
The armor they wear who fight the good fight,
And, having "done all" stand fast in Thy might.

Clad in this armor, sent down from above,
Wrought in the councils of covenant love,
Our aim ever upward, our hearts all aglow,
Joyfully onward and homeward we go.

We strain every nerve, we strive for the prize
Of our calling in Christ; a home in the skies;
The battles all fought, the victory won,
We have the reward—"good servant, well done;"

"Come, enter thy home, these mansions above,
Rest in the haven of infinite love;
From sorrow and sin forever released,
Come sit with the guests at the heavenly feast."

All stains washed away, in robes of pure white
We bask in His rays, we shine in His light;
The crown of rejoicing we evermore wear,
The glory of Christ eternally share.

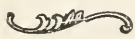
Make me, O Father, more grateful for life,
More willing to bear the turmoil and strife,
More anxious to serve, more like Him to be
Who gave His own life a ransome for me.

That, bearing Christ's image, e'en here below
My work done in Him, His glory may show.
Till the summons I hear, in accents of love,
"Daughter, come higher, and serve Me above."

What glories await the spirit set free
From fetters of earth, untrammeled to be;
The work begun here is continued above,
And all that blest life is service and love."

Mother.

December 6, 1869—Little Pete has been very ill and Bennie tries hard to be quiet so as not to disturb him. I am very tired, as we have been up several nights with him, so am going to rest. Hope he will be better tomorrow.

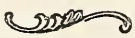


December 7, 1869—Night again. The busy hum of the day is now silent. Dear little Ben went to bed happy tonight. Jerome does not work evenings now, and so he undresses him and puts him to bed and Bennie thinks it a fine treat to have papa wait on him. He is a good boy now-a-days.

December 9, 1869—Night has come again and dear ones are sleeping. Emma McCann washed and didn't get through until night. Bennie and Pete have been playing all kinds of make-believes all day.

December 11, 1869—The family rose this morning quite well and happy. It is cold

and windy. Soon I cannot head my writings "Jims Falls," for we are going to move back to Eau Claire in March. We have lived here two years, and although we have seen many happy days I shall be glad in some ways to go back to Eau Claire. I fear that I cannot let Bennie go to school, for he will have no one to go with, and I cannot bear to think of his mingling with all sorts of boys, yet I know he is old enough to go to school and to Sabbath school also. We are going down to Eau Claire Friday to spend Christmas and New Years. I am so anxious to see father and mother and sister Mate. Bennie has been sick with a cold for two or three days.



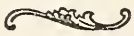
December 14, 1869—Winter has indeed come. The ground is covered with snow and it is so cold. The children are sick with colds so much this winter. Jerome is teaching the school here. Bell.

December 17, 1869—Soon the old year of 1869 will be among the things that have

passed. Soon another new year will begin.

There are many things I would like to say to you, old book, but I cannot because I haven't the time. We have lived through many troubles the last few days. Bennie has had the croup so bad and been so sick that we have been up several nights with him. He is some better now. Petie has had a bad cold and seems so croupy. He is very hoarse today. I am doctoring him to try to ward it off. It seems as though the boys are sick so much this winter. We have kept fire all night so long for fear one of them would have the croup, which I have such a terror of. I have been trying to get ready to go to Eau Claire and we had planned to go today, but Pete wasn't well enough. Dear Mrs. Ingraham helped me get ready to go. She knit Bennie a pair of stockings and did many little helpful things. I am willing to give it up and we will go next week if the children are well enough, then we will be there to spend New Years. They will look for us and be very disappointed because we do not come. Yes, soon the new year will greet us. I am going to try to do better in the coming

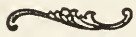
year, to be more patient with the children and kinder to all about me. When I think of it it seems as though I surely would, but when I get so tired tending babies and doing my own work, I seem to get out of fix with things generally. I must try to always remember that "he that overcometh shall inherit all things." May we all be blessed with good health. Isabell.



January 1, 1870—Happy New Year. The old year has passed and gone and also the first day of the new, as this is evening. Christmas we went down to our folks and spent a happy week. Came home today with Mr. Giddings. It was a pleasant day and excellent sleighing. We started at noon and were home at four p. m. Petie wasn't very well and often I wished my poor tired self home. Bennie got a nice sled Christmas.

Mother and father are quite well this winter. Their new house is not yet completed but will be ready in the spring. I went through it and like it very much.

Hope they may live many, many years to enjoy it. Dear mother looks ill and care worn. I feel sad when I look on her faded face, and think how hard she has worked, besides bringing up her children. I can only turn away my face and sigh, wishing it had been otherwise. We took a drive with Mr. Ingraham today. Little Pete and Bennie are sleeping sweetly.



Here is a greeting to the New Year.

"Another New Year is with us again,
The old has just passed away;
But it left it's mark on memory's page,
And has gone, forever to stay.

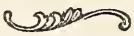
We hope the new will as kind to us be
And help us along with our cares;
Even plant in each heart a purpose to do,
And show us a way to forbear.

Yes, forbear to waste, as the days pass along,
The time that is precious, 'tis true;
That time is just lent, lets' bear in our mind
As our labors through life we pursue.

Let's work with a will our mission to fill,
If it be with our hands or our brain;
For whatever our lot there is room at the top,
If we reach we'll have power and fame.

We should all have a pride, not a vain love of show.
A good honest pride I admire;
So when age creeps on and we drop from the throng,
We can comfortably rest by our fire.

Let's git up and git and not have a fit
If our sunshine is mixed with some rain:
And not let our care be a burden to bear
But reap from it pleasure and gain."



Saw sister Sarah when at Eau Claire. She isn't very well. Her baby grows fast, and the dear little girls, Carrie and Abbie, are just as sweet and nice as ever. May the Heavenly Father bless them, for they are very dear to me. Sister Mate is home. I do not know what father and mother would do without her. Their last baby, and what a blessing she is proving to them! May she do all in her power to make their last days happy. Sister Cordelia is quite well. They have a nice home and she is

getting everything nice around her. She is worthy of it all, and has helped to earn what they now enjoy, May God bless and make her happy in His love. I am happy tonight because the children are getting better, but every night I am so afraid one of them will be croupy. They got a few Christmas presents. I feel tonight as though I wanted to consecrate myself anew to my Heavenly Father, and may I teach my little ones more of Heavenly things.

Isabell.

January 2, 1870—The first Sabbath of the new year has passed into eternity. It has been a calm and peaceful one to me and one that I shall long remember. Although nothing special has happened there has been a rest and quiet I shall not forget. I have spent most of it in reading the Advance and looking after the little ones, who have been busy, as usual. Bennie felt very bad because he could not take his new sled out and slide. I told him he must not, on the Sabbath day, but he and Petie have

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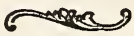
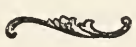
played with it all day in the house. I think it no harm, as they are too young to be interested in books. Their Aunt Cordelia gave each of them a book for New Years, and Bennie has been reading some in his today. The little boys are now resting sweetly in dreamland. Dear Jerome sits here by the fire in his favorite arm chair, and he looks to me as though he were making good promises to the New Year. In fact, I believe we, as a family, have resolved to do our best this year. This morning Jerome read a chapter in the precious book which tells us how to live, and it seems we are all going to try and live according to its teachings as far as we are able to, with the Master's help. We have no church to go to here at Jim's Falls. Occasionally some stranger comes along and calls the few people together and talks to them.



Little Pete is getting well and plays all day long with "buzzer Bennie" as he calls him, and Bennie enjoys him so much. I

expect the little fellow will be lonely when Bennie goes to school. Hope they will both grow up to be good men. How much I have to do for them before that time.

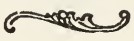
Mother.



January 3, 1870—Bennie has been to school today and seems so happy about going. He has great times riding down hill. There is a man living here whose wife died last spring, leaving him with two children, a boy and a girl. He is sick and his home is a poor excuse for a home. The other day Mrs. Ingraham and I packed a basket with good things and Mr. Ingraham and Jerome took it over to them, Bennie going along. When he came back he looked very sad and was so sorry for them. May they enjoy the basket of food. I shall try to do more to help those in need in the name of Him who said "The poor ye have always with you but Me ye have not always." remembering that the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

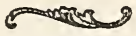
It is night again and the house is so still, with the little ones asleep and Jerome sitting here reading. I wonder why I keep up these writings when they surely seem of no account to anyone. Sometime, when the babies are no longer babies they may find these pages thrown aside in some corner, and will smile at the simple story and wonder why mama did it when she had so much to do besides. I just think it must be a habit, that is all. It seems to come in along with all the rest of the work and care, and so I keep on. It has been one of those lovely January days when the sun shines all day so bright and beautiful, with the snow going fast, and when we feel that the winter cannot last long. We have passed a happy day indoors although I have been so busy with my housework. As the sun came in so beautiful this afternoon I wondered why we shouldn't be happy. Some people cannot be happy even in the sunshine. Perhaps some great sorrow is in their homes, or they haven't the comforts of life. May we not forget such. Good bye, sweet day, so beautiful that we are loath to part with you! Yet as we see your gold-

en light passing away in the west we know that the day is done, and that soon darkness will be over the face of the earth.

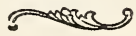


January 4, 1870—Another beautiful day has gone and evening is here. Bennie went to school, happy, after taking a fine ride on his sled. Petie gets pretty lonesome without Bennie, but I do not like to keep him out of school when he can go. Petie and I were alone all the forenoon and this afternoon we went up to Mrs. Giddings. She has named her baby boy Jerome. He is growing very fast, and I just love to hold the dear little fellow. Petie didn't exactly fancy my holding him very much. Mrs. Giddings is a dear, sweet woman, and I love to go there as well as the children do. Petie and I were intending to stay only a short time when we went this afternoon, but it was impossible to get away. Jerome and Bennie came after us, and of course Bennie brought his sled. Jerome drew them both home on it. Fine fun for the

children. The boys are so glad to go to Mrs. Giddings, there are so many new playthings for them to see.



January 6, 1870—Evening again and Bennie is in the sweet land of dreams, unconscious of any trouble ever coming his way, but he will find plenty of disappointments along his pathway the same as the rest of us. It seems hard for him to give up what he has planned on, but although mama hates to disappoint him it is sometimes best to do so. Bell.



January 7, 1870—Saturday night, and what a noise and commotion I am writing in. The boys seem to be trying to see how much noise they can make by piling up wood and then throwing it down. Bennie didn't go to school this afternoon and it surely has been a noisy house. They have played and laughed until I do not see how they can keep up any longer. I am nearly

crazy myself and will be glad when my two busy bees are in bed and asleep. Petie is real well again and about as noisy as Bennie when he is with him, but quiet when alone. Now Bennie has taken his big doll and seated himself in his little rocking chair. His day's work is done, so I must get him ready for bed. The night is bitter cold. Jerome has gone up to see Mr. Giddings. I wish he would come back, for I feel lonely. Bell.

January 8, 1870—The day has passed away, and it is Sunday evening. Bennie is as mischievous as ever. He will be seven in May and his childish ways will be over soon. Little Pete and I are alone. He is a darling and I do not know what I should do without him. His little tongue runs from morning till night, and he makes me laugh many times a day with his funny little speeches. He is never tired of loving mama, and many times a day he has to kiss me and say "I loves you so much." Bennie doesn't like his book one bit. Will he ever,

I wonder? He seems so busy thinking about play that he has no time to think of books.

January 9, 1870—Sabbath afternoon, three o'clock. The day is passing away. I often wonder how I can be so contented here on Sundays, for when we first came to Jims Falls I almost dreaded the Sabbath day. The hours dragged so slowly along that I was almost glad when I saw the sun setting behind the western hills, and I could cheerfully bid him good night. How habit will accustom us to things that at first seem impossible. Now I can say that I really enjoy the day, even if we cannot go to church. I never get weary now on Sunday. We have no place to go, so spend the day reading and visiting each other. Jerome is always with us, which we enjoy so much.

Sometimes the children drive me nearly crazy with their noise, but I am glad they are well enough to play and have their fun. I well remember the days when I enjoyed

those childish plays, and could run and jump and make as much noise as Bennie and Pete, and enjoy it too. I often wonder now how I could, and think how much trouble it must have made poor mother. I suppose all grown up children wonder if they acted so as a child, but a child is a child, and it is natural for it to romp and play and be happy in that way. Let them have their fun, for soon their childhood days are gone and life comes to them with its stern realities, and their play is a part of the past. Pete comes to me many times a day and kisses me and says "I loves you mama, and I loves papa and I loves Bennie." We surely love him in return, for he is certainly the darling of our hearts. He is happy from morning till night, talking in his cute little way. It is mother's wish that he may always be as happy as now. I have never enjoyed a winter more than I have this one, I don't know why.

January 12, 1870—The days seem rather long since Jerome and Bennie are here

only morning, noon and night. The school is only a few steps from our home but we miss them just the same. Yesterday Bennie stayed home from school and I don't believe two children ever made so much noise before. I scolded, but it didn't do the least bit of good, and I doubt if it ever does amount to much with any of us. It is only a waste of time, at least I think so just now, and wish I could always see it that way. It is a lovely day, sun shining so bright and pleasant, would like to work and live out doors more. Isabell.

January 28, 1870—Here I am again. Brothers Harrison and Ben came up yesterday on the way to their camps in the woods. Jerome is going with them. Bennie and Pete have hymn books and are making as much noise as they possibly can. Bennie goes to school now and seems a little more interested than he did, and I am so glad. Mother.

January 30, 1870—Sunday evening, nearly a week since I have opened these pages. Often thought I would, as the little ones say so many things, I know I will like to look back on some day in the future. To-night they sit here by me and each has a slate and pencil and they are very busy drawing. First one and then the other wants an elephant drawn, and so I stop and draw some animal for them, and as I sit here these lines come to me.

"Be gentle and kind to each other,
Each heart hath its burden to bear;
Thy cross will be lightened whenever
The burdens of others we share,
Then bear with the faults of thy brother,
His heart may be tender and sore;
Then patiently bear with each other,
Expect not perfection below;
Not long do we journey together,
Be gentle with friend and with foe."

February 1, 1870—The little ones are in bed but not asleep. They are laughing and having all kinds of fun. Now little

Pete comes and says, "Mama, sing me a little story," so I take him and sing a lullaby song and he is fast asleep. Sweet ones, good night. I am very busy now, as we are soon to leave Jims Falls and go to Eau Claire. I am anxious to go, still if we had made arrangements to stay here longer I would have been content; wherever Jerome's work is there I want to be, and there we are happy. I shall never forget the two years we have lived "among the Indians," I feel like saying, and it is true. I was so afraid of them, but after awhile learned that they would not harm us. Some day we will look back to this time and see nothing but the sunny side of it. I have become accustomed to staying at home because there is no where to go, and so am contented and happy. I am glad, however, that we will soon be where we can attend church. What a blessed privilege. Bell.

February 2, 1870—Night has again spread her dark mantle over the world and wrapped it in silent slumber. It would be

well if we were all at rest beneath its shadows. In many places I suppose noise and commotion begin with the going down of the sun to continue till morning dawns. I know but little of the outside world. My little boys are sleeping soundly. Bennie has a bad cold and I hope it will not end in croup. There was no school today, as Jerome went to Eau Claire, and such a busy day as Bennie and Pete have had. Often I speak hastily to the little ones and am always so sorry afterwards, but then it is too late. My wish is to be kind and gentle to all, but how many, many times I fail.

February 12, 1870—Jerome came from Eau Claire, and brother Harrison and sister Mate came also. The children were wild with delight to see papa, and to think that he brought the others whom they love so dearly. The rest of the day passed rapidly, but we were so lonely before they came.

February 13, 1870—The next morning we arose and breakfasted early and prepared to go up the river fifteen miles to brother's

camp in the woods. The thoughts of it drove the children fairly wild. The morning was clear, without a cloud to be seen; one of those white, frosty ones we often see in February. Soon we were ready, muffled in warm coats and furs, and knew by the jingling sleighbells that the fiery horses were at the door waiting for us. The men tucked the robes carefully around us and we were off. The trees and bushes were bending under their load of frost and ice, and were so beautiful. Bennie said the stumps look as though they all had white caps on. He got so cold that he did not enjoy it as he otherwise would. Finally something broke about the harness, and we all looked at each other, wondering what we should do. We were all getting so cold and there was no place to go and get warm. The men talked it over again and again, and finally took off a strap from here and there on the harness and fixed up the broken parts as best they could, and on we went. We passed two pretty little islands. One had a cluster of pine trees in the center and was bordered with water beech. We saw much to admire in the

deep woods all around us. At ten thirty we drew near to a low log hut. The friends came out to welcome us, and we were ushered in by a warm fire. We found a warm and cozy place. On one side stood a long pine table, and some home made chairs that looked nice to me. Soon the dinner hour came and we all did ample justice to the good dinner set before us. At three p. m. we started for home and were soon put down at our own door. We had an oyster supper ready in short order, after which the little folks were tucked in bed and were soon sound asleep, the others soon following, for we were all tired. The next morning, right after breakfast, Harrison and Mate started for home. It was another lovely day.

February 16, 1870 — Jerome's school closed today and Bennie feels so bad be cause he cannot go any more. He thinks a good deal about going to Eau Claire, and I suppose we will be going soon. I am

busy making carpets, cushions, etc. Jerome doesn't know yet what he will do in Eau Claire. This forenoon Jerome took little Pete to school with him. He was delighted to go of course, but oh; how I missed my little blue-eyed darling. The house was so still and no playthings strewn about the floor. It was surely a long forenoon to me. Our joy and pet! how could we ever live without him. Some times this winter when he saw Jerome come to the school house door to ring the bell, he would kiss his little hand and wave it to him and say he threw papa a kiss. Good night, baby darling.

February 19, 1870—Tonight the children and I are alone, as Jerome has gone to Eau Claire.

February 20, 1870—Oh; how cold the day has been, the coldest we have had this winter. It has been so warm for two

weeks that I thought our winter weather was over, but with nearly everything in the house frozen up it seems as though it had just commenced. It seems sometimes as if it would be nice to live in a warm climate, but I presume there are inconveniences there as well, and I should hate to leave my relatives and friends. We are getting ready to move to Eau Claire, and Petie thinks it so strange to see things torn up and out of place. He sits here now trying on papa's boots.

Isabell.

February 21, 1870—This is the last month of old winter, and it is passing rapidly along. How many things that I thot I should get done this winter are still undone. We are so lonely tonight, as Jerome is still away. I do hope he will not stay long. The little boys miss him so. Pete says so many funny things lately. He wanted to go into Mrs. Ingraham's last night, and Bennie didn't seem to want him to go. Petie came to me crying. and said,

"Bennie made me suffer so. I wanted to go into auntie's so bad I just suffered." How cunning childhood is in so many ways. The two have trouble sometimes over their playthings. I do hope they will get over that. I try to fix it up between them, but can't always make them see things as I think they should. They have to play indoors, as it is too cold out, and as we live up stairs it is not convenient for them to get out. When we get to Eau Claire I hope we may have more room for them to play out doors. I must go to my rest, so good bye, my sweet darlings.

Mother.

March 1. 1870—I suppose this is the last Monday night we shall ever spend in Jims Falls, and I am glad to go and get settled in our own dear little home. Jerome has gone with a big load of goods and intends to return tomorrow. Then the children and I are going down to father's for a few days. Brother Ben is very sick, and we all feel so anxious about him. I can hardly wait until I see him.

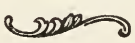
April 23, 1870—Nearly two months have passed since I have written a word in my dear old Journal. We are all so happy in our little home here in Eau Claire. Bennie and Pete seem to be delighted to be where they can get out of doors easily. We lived up stairs at Jims Falls. Bennie seems real well and soon he will be going to school. The boys hardly go out of the yard. Brother Ben is much better now, and we are all so thankful.

April 29, 1870—We are very pleasantly situated here in Eau Claire, and I feel so contented and happy. We have a nice garden and yard, which I enjoy exceedingly. Of course there are many more steps for me in looking after and tending these grounds, but I love some work out of doors. Master Pete seems determined to pull up, replant, rake and hoe over all I have done. He is also determined to water them, and treads on everything he can find that I have set out. I wonder and wonder if this

is the way they all act. He is so well now and delighted to get out of doors. God bless mama's little man.

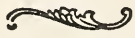
May 9, 1870—Last Sabbath was Bennie's birthday. Seven years old; How old he is getting. Sad memories come to me today. Mr. Giddings' people moved from Jims Falls the week after we did. Mr. Giddings started out one morning with Florence and Lilly in the buggy. In crossing the bridge at Chippewa Falls his horse became frightened and jumped off the bridge into the water and little Florence was drowned. What sad news to carry back to that mother, who a few hours before had parted from her healthy, rosy cheeked girl. Little did she think that death hovered so near her precious one. Even yet, when I think of her, so full of life and fun, and loving every one, it seems it can't be true. I feel so sorry for poor Mrs. Giddings for she loved her blue-eyed little girlie so dearly. Now what a sad home hers is. One vacant

chair, one vacant bed at night, and above all, a vacancy in her heart which none but mothers who have lost their loved ones can understand. They alone can sympathize with her. They alone realize the loneliness of her heart every hour of the day, and how often her thoughts wander to the silent cemetery and the little mound where they laid her loved one. Poor lonely mother! How often, while trying to attend to her household duties, her eyes will fill with tears which steal silently down her cheeks. But her darling is safe. No sin or temptation enter that silent resting place; and so we try to say "Thy will be done." Bennie and Pete often talk of her and feel so bad because they cannot see her again.



May 12, 1870—This is a beautiful spring. So many nice warm showers that make everything look so fresh. It has rained occasionally all day. Jerome hasn't any permanent work yet. At present he is in Pete Truax's store while Pete is in Chi-

cago. I have been out on the prairie twice since we came from Jims Falls. It seems so nice to be near them again. I have not been to church yet as we are not prepared to go, but I hope to be able to get Pete and Bennie ready to go next Sunday. Jerome went today and he liked the sermon very much. Rev. Dudley was the minister. I feel tonight that I want to be better than I am, and as I write I seem to be filled with a new desire to live and do better. I feel that my home is my kingdom and I the queen. May the Father help me to love my home more and more, and to make it a fit abiding place for His spirit.



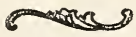
May 15, 1870—Lovely May, we welcome thee, so full of beauty and loveliness! Mrs. Dudley, our minister's wife, brought me a bouquet this evening. I am so fond of flowers. I have not been well for a few days. Have had erysipelas,, but am better now. Little Pete was croupy last night and is not very well yet. He is very busy

nowadays, when well enough, playing out doors, and he runs away occasionally too. Someway I feel lonely tonight and am thinking of those days back in Jims Falls. Surely it is not wanting to go back that ails me. I received a nice, long letter from Mrs. Ingraham today. She, too, often thinks of our life at Jims Falls. My little folks are sleeping, and I must join them.

Bell.

May 29, 1870—Sabbath evening. I went to church today for the first time since we lived here. Little Pete went with me, but Bennie did not go as he went riding with his uncle Pete. Jerome went down town and now he has gone out on the prairie. I shall look for him when I see him coming. He still works for Truax, and the days seem so long when he is away. When he worked in the store so long at Jims Falls we lived over the store, so we were near him. The children have not been very good boys today. Petie does many naugh-

ty things now-a-days, and then he always wants to "talk with God," as he calls it. He can repeat "Now I lay me down to sleep" all through, and he always remembers to say it at night.

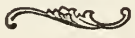


August 10, 1870—Dear old Journal! how long it has been since I looked inside these pages, or took the pen to say a word of the little ones. You have been neglected, but not forgotten. I have often thought of writing and then would say to myself, I am too busy. There have been so many things to think of and do since we came here that I have seen no time to stop and pen a few lines on these pages. Today is Sunday and we all went to church and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Phillips. Have thought much about his words since I came home, and of how hard it is to keep my little ones in the right path. Little Pete is growing fast this summer, and he is healthier than Bennie now. He is taking his afternoon nap as usual.

Last Thursday the people of Eau Claire had a great celebration. It was the first day of the cars coming into the city. Some came from Chicago and Milwaukee. There was a fine dinner given and about four thousand were fed.

Jerome is still at Truax's. Don't know how long he will stay there. The summer has been intensely hot. I do my own work and I have not been very well, the heat is so great. Jerome takes only his breakfast with us, and then he is gone all day. Bennie and Pete each give me a kiss at night for papa, and in the morning the first question is "did papa kiss us last night?" They are in bed when he comes home, and he is often gone in the morning before they are up, but papa is talked of all day, as of old.

Isabell.



September 4, 1870—Jerome and the little chicks have gone to a Sunday school concert. Pete stayed to Sunday school today with Bennie and was quiet and good My sweet baby is getting to be a big boy, big

enough to go from me. Often lately he has gone over the river with brother Bennie, who loves to take him with him, but I feel so anxious until I once more hear their sweet baby voices, and then I am so glad that they are near home and safe. Pete is so lonely when Bennie is gone, and yet when together they do not always agree. Pete is not always as good as he should be, but may God bless her little wayward pet, is mama's wish.

Towards the last of September I went out on Truax prairie to keep house for my brother, Ezra Avery, while his wife, Laura, went to visit her people in Illinois. Of course I took Bennie and Pete with me. Laura left Fred and Gertie, the two oldest children, at home, and took little Anna with her. Although Eau Claire at that time was only a small place the great Ole Bull was coming here to give a concert. Pete Truax owned the hall where it was to be given, and as Jerome was working for him in the store he gave him complimentary tickets to the concert. So Jerome sent me a letter. (There were no telephones in those days.)

Eau Claire, Wis., Oct. 10, 1870.

My dear wife:—Mr. Truax has very generously offered you a ticket to the Ole Bull concert and I have selected a seat for you. I want you to come down and go. You can leave the children with Ezra and I will take you back the next morning if there is no chance before. It will be a rich treat. Everybody is going, Dudley and all the celebrities, so be sure and come. Get some of the Dunham girls to stay with the children if you come in the forenoon. I will come after you if you have no other chance of getting down. If you are not here by three o'clock I will come up.

Yours lovingly,

Jerome.

When I got the letter I didn't want to go, for I knew that some thought the hall unsafe. In those days I was a big coward, and knowing there would be an audience that would pack it to the very doors I was afraid the floor would go down, so I sent word to Jerome that I didn't want to go on that account. He sent me another letter right away.

Eau Claire, Wis., Oct. 11, 1870.

Dear wife:—I am so sorry that you are so frightened about that hall. I do not think there is any danger at all. You come and we need not go in till the hall is filled, as the seats will be kept for us. Get some one to stay with the children, or bring Pete along. (He was only a baby.) The rest of them can certainly take care of themselves for one night. I don't want you to say no about this matter. Dress warm and you won't take cold. Mr. Thorp had a dispatch from his folks this morning. They are going to bring some more players and performers. It will be a rich treat to see and hear, so I shall come after you if you do not come. Your loving husband,

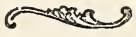
Jerome Champion.

Well, we went, of course, and had a very enjoyable time, and nothing happened, either to the hall or us.

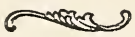
Isabell.

In looking over my old writings, preparatory to copying them, I find that most of them covering the next two or three years are lost. Perhaps there are enough left, such as they are, dear children. I will sketch in a little from memory that will serve as a connecting link. Bennie and Pete are growing into nice boys, well and hearty. They are still up to their mischievous tricks, and are quite capable of keeping mama, papa and several others busy in keeping track of their capers. Well do I remember coming in one day and finding Bennie with my white satin wedding bonnet. perched, (hind side before, of course,) on his mischievous little head, parading up and down the room; His small brother, his companion in mischief, not to be outdone, was parading around with his papa's best vest buttoned around his tiny body and touching the floor all around. I was very choice of my wedding bonnet, and kept it in a band box on a high shelf in the closet, supposing it was

safe, out of the reach of small fingers; But there was seldom an emergency that Bennie's busy little brain was not equal to, and by dint of dragging his high chair into the closet he was able to get the much coveted bonnet. It was made with a frill of satin in the back, and he looked comical enough with this flapping around his face. And so it went, from day to day. It seemed to me there were never two children who could hatch up so much mischief as these two, but I was young and did not understand little folks.

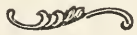


On October 15, 1881, another beautiful little boy came into our home, and we were all so pleased. He seemed well and grew fast. We named him Philo.



Mother, where are you?
On Heaven's fair shore,
Where the sad hours of earth's scenes
Can haunt thee no more?

Where God and the Savior forever doth stay,
And fair, white robed angels
Around thee doth stay?
If so, come back once and see one that is sad,
One who in your presence again will be glad;
One who your memory
Will cherish and keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.



When baby Philo was about six weeks old, dear mother died very suddenly. How we all missed her coming among us, and how lonely it seemed when we went to the old home. She was ready to go, that we all know, and I hope to meet her in the sweet bye and bye.

Dear father, left alone in his old age. How sadly he must miss his life companion. She was a dear, faithful mother, brooding with tender, watchful care over her little flock. Chancing to open an old magazine the other day I saw this beautiful little poem, and it brought back fresh to my memory my childhood days, when the mother, now watching for me in the glory land "tucked me in and said good night."

TUCKED ME IN AND SAID GOOD NIGHT.

"Don't you remember in the long ago,
So full of memories, both dear and bright,
The bedtime hour, the best of all the day,
When mother tucked you in and said good night?

And you remember, when the clock struck eight,
How you must leave the fairy tales delight
And go to bed; but then 'twas not so hard,
When mother tucked you in and said good night.

She took you by the hand and led you up
The straight, dark stair, while high she held the light,
And talked to you; and you were not afraid,
When mother tucked you in and said good night.

She brushed your hair, unlaced the little shoes,
And buttoned up the night gown long and white;
The "Now I lay me" heard you softly say,
Before she tucked you in and said good night.

Then springing into bed, you sank so far
Into its feathery depths you laughed outright;
For mother scarce could find you when she tried
To tuck you in all warm and say good night.

You asked, the hundredth time—to keep her there—
The stories of the quilt with patches bright
That grandma pieced—what wondrous tales they were,
When mother tucked you in and said good night.

She smiled and told the patchwork tales again;
And then she bade you shut your eyes up tight,
Turned low the light, and stooped and kissed you while
She tucked you snugly in and said good night.

O, happy bedtime hour! Life holds no bliss
In store for you so full of dear delight;
Nor will you know again a joy like this—
When mother tucked you in and said good night."

I will copy a letter written by Jerome to his family at the time of my mother's death.

West Eau Claire, Wis., Nov. 26, 1871.

Dear father, mother, brother and sister:—Winter is fast approaching with all its cold winds and drifting snows, which will bring want and sorrow to many a family all over our land. Our family here are all well and prepared for all its rigors, and will be able to stem its storms in a worldy sense. But at its very commencement a storm has come upon them and us which seems to strike a chill to all our hearts. I hardly know how to tell you what form this storm comes in. It was so sudden and unexpected that the grief of our family is uncontrollable, and of the deepest kind.

On Friday last at eight in the morning, Aunt Abigal was taken with paralysis for the third time. This time the attack was unusually severe. The children were all sent for and for six hours her life was despaired of, but in the afternoon she was easier and toward evening she appeared much better. They supposed the crisis was passed, indeed the physician told them so, and all except Cordelia and Harrison's wife went to their homes, satisfied that all would be well with her by the next morning. All was well with her—but with them, oh, so different from what they

expected. Their grief is more apparently than they can bear.

Ten minutes before seven on the same day in the evening, she asked uncle to raise her up, and before he had half raised her in bed she said, "Oh, my head, lay me down," and before her head reached the pillow she was gone. She passed peacefully away, not a muscle moved; all was quiet as a gentle sleep, but oh, that sleep; that long sleep of death, from which none ever wake until the coming of the Son of Man and His Angels. Oh, that all of us left behind were as well prepared to meet Him as she. By the use of restoratives and bathing they strove hard to bring her too again. But upon the arrival of the doctor he told them that they could not wake her, that the dread disease had attacked the brain and heart and that death could not help but follow. It was so sudden and unexpected that it seemed their grief was more than they could bear. Today we followed her to her last resting place. The family left behind to mourn for and miss her so much on every occasion, numbers thirty-seven people, besides uncle, who seems nearly heart broken. He is old and feeble and the children think maybe the next one to follow her on that dreary journey, but we cannot tell, and were we all as well prepared as the mother who has just gone before we would not care so much about going. She used to speak of you often, and wished she might live to see you once more, but it has been decreed otherwise.

We know that through all the trials here in Wisconsin she has held the family to the christian faith, and has been a living example for us to follow, but oh! how poorly have we done it! May her going be a warning to us that "we know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

Please write to all friends east, of our bereavement, as I do not know the address of any of them. Aunt received a letter from Aunt Salome a couple of weeks ago, and was very glad to hear from her.

We went with sleighs today, and the thermometer has been eight and ten degrees below zero for nearly a week. Write soon. Your son,

J. B. Champion.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

"This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

From many generations past
Here is our family tree.
My mother's hands this bible clasped,
She, dying gave it me.

Oh! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer.

And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead
How are they living still?

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear.

Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I've found Thee true,
My Counselor and Guide.

The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die."

George Morris.

In the midst of this storm of sorrow which has so suddenly come upon us I am reminded of some beautiful lines which are so appropriate just now.

"'The way is dark, my Father, dark and drear,
My feet are weary and my soul oppressed;
I faint beneath the burdens that I bear;
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

I fain would come, but oft my wandering feet
Turn from the narrow path that leads to Thee;
For blinding are the storms that round me beat.
'As thy day is so thy strength shall be.'

So chill the wind, so barren is the soil,
So weary am I that I fain would cease
From scattering seeds; it seems a fruitless toil.
'Plant thou and water, God will give increase.'

Weak, faithless, mourning, wasting time in tears,
What have I gained? Lord, my spirit grieves
That I have gleaned so little through the years;
'Thou yet mays't come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Now comes a long break in the writings. On May 12, 1873, twin babies were born to us. They lived but a short time, then the Father took them to Himself again. Although they were with us such a short time it was long enough for us to love and miss them when they left us. May we feel that He doeth all things well.

"Precious thought? my Father knoweth
In His love I rest,
For what'er my Father doeth
Must be always best.

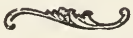
Well I know the heart that planneth
Naught but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven,
Love is all I see.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully,
Just to simply move
In the conscious, calm enjoyment
Of the Father's love.

Knowing that life's checkered pathway
Leadeth to His rest;
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best."

Selected.

In March 1874 we moved from Eau Claire to Bloomer, Wisconsin. Our dear little Philo seemed as well as a child could be when we moved, and was such a happy little fellow, as cunning as he could be. If he had been crying he would come to me and say, "Mama, wipe Fi's tears away." Sometimes I would cry when I received letters from my sisters in Eau Claire. (Guess I was homesick up there.) Little Philo would stop his play quickly, come and lift up his bib to my face and say ," Fi will wipe mama's tears all away." He seemed to feel so bad if mama was unhappy.



On Friday night about four weeks after we moved here, he seemed so well and full of play. Bennie and Pete had gone to bed in their bedroom before I put him to bed, and he called to them to be good children and go to sleep. I was sitting down by the stove when he called "mama, Fi wants to pray to God." He got off the bed, knelt down and said something, then called me

again, "mama, Fi got through, help him to bed again." He was only two and a half years old and couldn't get back on the bed alone. He never stood on those dear little feet again. The next morning he was so sick, and when we called the doctor he said it was spinal fever, and perhaps it was. He seemed a little better towards night, but was restless and uneasy all the time, day and night, after that. He could sleep only short naps, and would want mama to take Fi up and rock him. I didn't know what to do, but just did the best I could. Finally Charley Ingraham went to Eau Claire and got Cordelia. Philo was with her so much when we lived in Eau Claire that he loved her almost as well as he did me. I was so glad, for his sake as well as my own. The doctor came every day and we tended him faithfully. Sister stayed one week, then Harrison came and brought Mate and Cordelia went back with him. Mate stayed two weeks. Baby hardly slept at all and when awake wanted mama all the time. Mate or Jerome would sit by his crib when I would go and lie down, but he would wake and call "mama, come here, Fi wants

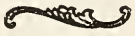
to see you. Fi wants to kiss you." I could not stay away then, and I would get up. Then he would want me to rock him, so I would, and get him to sleep, only to wake again in ten or fifteen minutes. He was taken ill in April and every day I would think he would be better the next day, and sometimes he did seem a very little better. I can never, never forget those long, sad days. Jerome took Mate home, there were no trains in those days, and Ellen came back with him the next day. That night Philo rested about as usual, could not sleep, and then mama must come to him, dear little sufferer. I feel unworthy of such devoted love from him. Ellen stayed a week or so and he would let her carry him round and show him things to amuse him. We thought he was slowly improving. We were very careful what we gave him to eat, fed him on toast, eggs etc. He would want me to sing these songs: "His Black Kitty" and "Papa, Come Home, Poor Fi is sick." Here are the words to the little song he liked so much.

"My kitty has gone from her basket,
My kitty has gone up a tree;
Oh, who will go out 'mong the branches
And bring back my kitty to me.

The old dog that lived down by the river
Just came with his naughty old bark;
And frightened my kitty most dreadful;
He's mewing out there in the dark.

My kitty was one of the nicest,
He had a white spot on his nose;
He washed himself every morning,
He washes that most, I suppose.

Folks say that when people are frightened
Their hair will turn perfectly white;
If that is the case then my kitty
Won't have a black hair by tonight."



About two in the morning daylight would come and the birds begin to sing, then I would take Philo from his crib to my lap. He would eat something, then he would want to look at the pictures in Bennie's magazines, and he would laugh and seem to feel so good. Ellen would sing

"Cock Robin" to him, and that would please him so much. When she went home, we let him look out of the window, and he seemed real bright. Many times he wanted me to sit by the stand where his playthings were. So the long days and nights dragged wearily away. One night he slept all night, but after that we saw he was failing. He wanted to pick roses, (he called dandelions roses) so I would take him out doors and stoop down and let him pick them himself. How I hoped and prayed for his recovery. One day Bennie caught some little fish and brought them to Fi, and he played with them a long time. He liked to hold little chickens too. We could not see that he was gaining any, and then came a night when he vomited so much and was so sick. The next day he was no better and it seemed to hurt him if we moved his head. He did not live but a few days after this. I shall never forget the last days of his little life. He has gone on before us and we cannot call him back. We can only live to meet him in a better land.

"We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet, to part, no never,
On the resurrection morn.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave:
Blessed be the Lord that taketh
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home, sweet home."

Eau Claire, July 2, 1874.

My Dear Mrs. Champion:

I have just come from Mrs. Truax's. I have been looking for the last time upon little Philo's body. I hope we may be permitted many, many times to see him in the better land. I did not go to the cemetery, but will spend my time in writing. Within a year God has called upon you to resign to His keeping, your treasured ones. You feel it to be a bitter cup I know. But I trust you do not forget that a loving

Father's hand has mingled it, and that how ever different His ways are from yours, yet you can say, "He doeth all things well." Blessed trust, without it how could we give up our treasured ones. God sometimes empties our hands of our work, that we may fill them with work for Him. May you not count these repeated emptyings of your hands as a proof that he has other and different work for you? That the time, and thought, and love you would have expended for your little ones may now be turned into other channels for your own and others' good? I need not tell you of my sympathy in your affliction. I know how anxiously you have watched and worked for your little one just gone and how weary you must be now, and now I hope you can feel in his absence the near presence of your Savior, and that you, who are left in the home may be more and more fully consecrated to Him. To bring up in the name of the Lord the two who are left is a noble work for you, and may well fill up the larger part of your time and thoughts. To make your home a model christian home is a worthy work for your life, and by so doing you may make others see and know how noble a thing it is to love and serve our Master. May God bless and keep you and your dear, dear husband, and make you to see and feel that He loves you even tho He afflicts you. Read God's blessed promises to those whom He afflicts, and learn that it is those he loves he chastens. With much love, your affectionate friend,

Mrs. Jessie Dudley.

Father, help me in this, my hour of great affliction to say, "not my will but Thine be done."

"We are waiting by the river
We are watching by the shore;
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon He'll come and bear us o'er

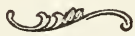
Though the mist hangs in the river
And the billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted from the other shore.

And the bright, celestial city—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With it's sweet and peaceful streams

He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Savior we shall meet them.
When we, too, have crossed the tide.

When we've passed the vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide."

Bloomer, December 22, 1874—This is the last Sabbath of the old year. We went to church, heard an excellent sermon, spent an hour at communion, then came home and soon returned to Sabbath school. Afterward we came home, and prepared and ate dinner, just Jerome, Pete and I, as Bennie is down on Truax Prairie. Pete has a bad cold but is some better, and if he is well enough we think of going down to our folks and spend New Years at the dear old home once more. We will see dear father, who is getting old, being seventy-one, and will also meet the brothers and sisters. Unless a snow storm comes soon we shall have to go with the buggy, as there is no snow.



When I think that this is the last week in the old year I feel as though I wanted to begin the New Year with more grace and love for heavenly things and less love for earthly things that do not bring us nearer the Father. I earnestly hope that Jerome and the dear boys will try with me to live a better life, and may we be guided into all

not have it so. Those were days of grief truths, trusting Him at all times. I feel the need of Jesus' love more since I took a class in Sabbath school. I hope each one in it may be led to the Savior. I will leave it all in Thy hands, Father of heaven and earth.

December 24, 1874—Christmas eve. I am here alone with Pete, who is getting to be a big boy. As I write he is copying some poems from a newspaper. May God care for him tonight and also for my Bennie. We spent part of the day at Mrs. McCauley's. Pete has a cold again and we didn't want to stay long with him. He seems better tonight. I miss dear Bennie every minute he is gone. Good night, Christmas eve 1874.

December 31, 1874—The last day of 1874 is drawing to a close and soon the New Year will be here. The year has been full of sorrow, for our darling Philo was taken from us after being sick ten long weary weeks. It seemed at first that I just could

and sorrow when our baby was no more among us with his cunning ways. He surely was a dear baby. Although we have passed through storms of sorrow yet we have cause to praise Him who doeth all things well. Today as the old year is closing I feel like beginning anew to love and serve Him.

April 22, 1875—Went to prayer meeting. Not many out. It has been quite a while since I took up my pen to write any of the home doings. One year ago today Cordelia came up with Charley Ingraham to help us in the care of little Philo.

July 1, 1875—Now I hope that I will give myself anew to every good work, live a more devoted christian life and trust God at all times.

"Just as God leads I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars sew;
God does not His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will
Faithful and true He leads me still."

October 31, 1875—September 26 a dear little baby girl came to us. Her papa wanted her called Mary Isabelle, so that is her name. We gave her a thousand welcomes and she is indeed a welcome guest in our home. We are never weary of doing for her. May God spare her many years, and may the world be a little better for her having been in it.

I do not find many notes for the next two years. Here is a letter from papa, written to me when I was visiting down on Truax Prairie.

June 25, 1876.

My Dear Bell:—Since getting your letter I find that you and baby have been quite sick. I am so sorry, and don't blame you for not writing, but you don't know how anxious I was to hear from you, nor how badly I wanted to see you. You must try and be very careful of your health, for the thought came to me during the past two weeks, suppose she was gone from me forever! It made me nearly wild. They say that distance lends enchantment to the view, and I know it is so, for the longer I am away from you, and

the less I see of you, the more I realize how much I love you. When you come home again I will be a different man to you and the children. I mean my scolding and fretting about every little thing that did not exactly suit me. When I am at home alone and think about it I get ashamed of myself.

Well, dear, I am coming down next Saturday, July 1. Perhaps you will say it is not best to leave business so long, but I imagine McCauley appreciates my getting along alone for two weeks, and will readily assent to my coming. He asked me yesterday afternoon if I were going down in the evening. I told him I was going to wait until next Saturday and then stay until after the Fourth. He wanted to know why I wanted to leave Bloomer when so big a Fourth was expected here. I think I don't care anything about their Fourth here if I can be with you and the little ones down there, and I will, my dear, if nothing happens. I have saved the Company a dollar and a half a day since Long has been gone, and if they don't let me off for three days I shall think they don't appreciate my work at all, but I know they will not raise any objections at all. Mr. McCauley is feeling a little better for a couple of days.

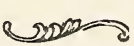
I was invited to the Rev. Chamberlin's to tea yesterday evening but was obliged to send word I couldn't come. I was so busy I could not possibly get away. Today Mrs. C. renewed the invitation for tomorrow evening and I suppose I shall be able to go. Shall

lock the store up if I can do no better. She wants me to come before his sister goes away, and she goes next Thursday. Mrs. C. said she wanted to see you ever so much, and wanted to know if you would be home the Fourth.

Tonight his sister is going to talk to the Sunday school about the Sunday schools in the Sandwich Islands. Last Sunday evening she sang to them "There is a Happy Land" in the Sandwich Island language. Mrs. Smith says she is a very easy talker. She heard her in prayer meeting and says "she almost beats you."

Well, good night, my dear. Love and kisses for little ones. Jerome.

I will copy in here the 23rd Psalm set in rhyme. I think it is so beautiful.

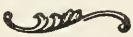


The Lord is my Shepherd, why then should I fear?
He knows all my wants, He ever is near;
Is ready to hear me whenever I call,
Is able to help me what'ere may befall;
He leads me in pastures that always are green,
By the soft flowing waters His steps may be seen;
He restoreth my soul for we're all gone astray,
And helps me to walk in His own blessed way;
Though I walk through the vale of dark shadows.

No fear shall haunt me, for Jesus my Savior is near;
His rod and His staff they comfort me still,
As I follow His steps and submit to His will;
He spreads out a table and makes me His guest;
In the presence of foes He withholds not His best;
With the sweet oil of gladness my head He annoints,
And the cup of salvation for me He appoints;
His goodness and mercy my steps shall attend
All the days of my life till my journey shall end;
And then He will take me to rest in His love
And to dwell in His presence, forever above.

How beautiful these lines are, and how true it is that we may cast all our burdens on Him if we but will.

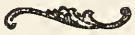
May 7, 1877—Another baby boy was born unto us march 26th. He is now six weeks old. When he was born he weighed six pounds and when he was one month old eight pounds. Some days he is good and some days troublesome.



Dear little Mary is nineteen months old and has twelve teeth. When she was eighteen months old she weighed nineteen pounds. She is sitting on my lap now,

but it doesn't seem to be inconvenient to hold her and write. Little boy baby is asleep.

Sister Mate has been with us nine weeks. She thinks of going home the last of the week, and I don't know how I can do without her. I am just homesick to go to Eau Claire. I could write much if I only had the time.



May 28, 1877—Baby was two months old the 26th and weighed twelve pounds. Little Mary weighs twenty pounds. The baby laughs, and is quite good. No trouble at all nights, but at five in the morning there is no more sleep for him or us either, but we don't care if he is only well. Little Mary has gone walking with her papa. We talk of going to Eau Claire Friday if it is pleasant. It has been so long since I was there that I am so anxious to go and see all the dear friends. When we go Mate will go home and how we shall miss her. We haven't named the baby yet. Good night.

Your loving mother.

June 24, 1877—Dear Mate has been gone since June 3rd and we miss her everywhere. I weighed the children today. Mary weighed twenty-two pounds and baby thirteen and one-half pounds. Clara, the maid, stays with us yet. Mary is well. Baby is very good nights. Just now he seems to have a bad cold in his head. It takes about all my time attending to the children and overseeing my house-work. Bennie hasn't been very well. He wants to go to Eau Claire the Fourth of July. Pete keeps well, but I fear he plays round the water too much, and it worries me so. Jerome is well and I feel much better than I did last summer.

Father and Aunt Salome have been up and visited us. Father looks feeble and bad.

I thank the Heavenly Father more and more for the thousands of daily blessings resting upon us. May I try to live a more perfect christian life from day to day, and be more grateful for all life's blessings. Help Thou me, dear Father, to "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

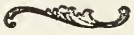
Mother.

January 9, 1878—I cannot write more tonight than just the date, for there has been much hard work to do today, and I am very tired. Little Mary and Clate (We named the baby Claton Joshua) are asleep. Bennie sits here reading and Pete has gone to bed. The clock has just struck eight, and I ought to be in bed too, so I will just say good night and go to rest.

Tired Mother.

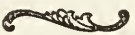
January 11, 1878—Two more days have passed since I wrote.—The clock says eight and I am going to rest. We have no help in the kitchen and I have had much to do today; Mary went to sleep after crying a long time. I don't think she knew any more than I did what she was crying for, so I let her have her cry out. I rocked Clate in his crib and he went to sleep like a little man. He is nine months old and so good now-a-days. He and his sister Mary are just like two little dolls. Pete wants to go to bed and so I must have Bennie go with him. Bennie will be fifteen in May and Pete ten in June. Kind Savior,

wilt Thou watch over and care for us to-night as no one else can. I am so tired I will go to my rest.



January 12, 1878—Such a winter no one ever saw in this country before. Some nights it is not cold enough to freeze. At Christmas time farmers were plowing, and it still continues so warm for January.

Your loving Mother.



January 13, 1878—All have gone to church but Bennie, baby and myself. Baby is sleeping and Bennie is writing, so I will sit down a few minutes and write too. It is the second Sabbath of the New Year, and I have been thinking how much I want to do for my family, and also my neighbors, this year. As for myself, I am trying to be a better christian, working more for His cause. How much of self I must give up in order to do more for my dear ones in the home nest. May I be a christian wife and mother. The kind Father has seemed so mindful of us during the past year. Death has not come to bear

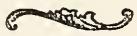
away any of my dear ones. I feel today that I want to pay the debt of gratitude I owe for his kind and loving care by living nearer to His side. The day is cloudy but warm like spring. There is a great deal of sore throat and scarlet fever around. How I pray that my darings will be spared from either. Mary does not seem very well for a few days. Is very nervous. Seems afraid to go in another room in the day time, screams out nights, and is afraid dogs are coming. God only knows how dear and precious my little girlie is to me. I enjoy her every hour. I know she should be out doors more, but I cannot take them both very well, so I don't get away from home much. Baby has no teeth yet but think he will have some soon. I am waiting so anxiously for sister Mate to come, but there is no sleighing and I think the rough wagoning keeps teams from coming. Perhaps sometime trains will come to Bloomer. How nice it would be if they would only come in our day, but we don't think much about such things, they are too far in the future. The days are passing rapidly away. Soon January will be gone.

May I trust my Heavenly Father from day to day as one who knoweth all things. May Thy word "be as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," says the psalmist.

January 14, 1878—Monday, and how cross and fretty I feel tonight. I could not get Mary to sleep until half past nine, and then I mended the boys' pants. Mary had a long nap this afternoon and I suppose that was the reason she could not sleep tonight. She has been troublesome today. She has two more teeth to come through, then she has them all and I think will feel better. When I get so tired it seems impossible to feel and act pleasant. Tomorrow I am going to try my very best to not overdo, so that I may feel better when the day ends. Bennie and Pete have just gone to bed. Heavenly Father, watch over us all tonight, and forgive us our many sins. May we try from day to day to be more loving and patient in our family. What a friend to come to is He; so willing to help us to be kind, and if we go wrong so ready to forgive. May I ever remember these

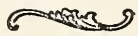
words, "Come unto Me all who are weary and I will give you rest." His promises are sure, He will not fail us.

Jerome has just come in from the store, so will lay aside my writing.



January 15, 1878—It is ten o'clock and I am tired and sleepy as usual. I took the little ones out walking and called at Mrs. V. Smith's. Now they are all asleep, and Jerome has just gone to bed. It has been a little colder today but not like January usually is. Little Mary has woke up and is jabbering to her papa, whom she thinks the world of. Well, I am glad and I hope many, many days are in store for them. God bless us as a family.

Mother.



January 19, 1878 — Saturday evening, quarter of nine. Mary has had a time trying to go to sleep. She woke at five this afternoon and I suppose that is the reason she isn't sleepy. I just couldn't get her to sleep. Her papa has come in and now he is holding her, and singing, and

she thinks that is lovely. Baby has a cold in his little head. My precious babies! may they be spared to be a joy and comfort to us all. This morning Bennie helped me with my morning's work, and then stayed with baby while I took Mary and went up on the hill and made some calls. Then I went to the store and left Mary with her papa and came home and got dinner. Soon they all came, well and happy, we ate our meal, and when the day had passed we felt better for being out. The weather is warm, just like spring, and no snow at all.

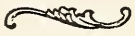
January 21, 1878—Brother Tom and his wife have been visiting us, and Mr. Wilcox stayed over Sunday here. He is working for Tom. Jerome and Mr. Wilcox have been to church and have just come in. Little ones are all in bed.

Mother.

January 28, 1878—Monday evening and babies are asleep. Bennie and Pete have gone over to the store to get some things.

They went to school today. We look for Tom and hope he will bring sister Mate with him. The children have been as busy as bees today. Baby was ten months old Saturday. May God give me strength to pass through whatever lies before me, and at last may He gather us all in the home He is preparing for those that love Him.

January 29, 1878—Pete has gone to spend the evening with Homer Detloff and work examples for tomorrow. Bennie sits here reading. God bless him with wisdom and health. Mary has been so busy bringing things to little brother. She wants him to say "thank you," and "if you please," which of course he cannot do. He cannot speak to her except with his big blue eyes.



February, 1878—Do not know just what day it is, the 16th or 17th I think. They have been having good meetings at the Methodist Hall. Brother Tom came to-night and went over with the boys, Bennie and Pete. I hope these meetings may do much good. Surely we all need to be better.

March 24, 1878—Sabbath evening, nine o'clock. I can write only a word tonight. Our dear baby has been so sick. He had three spasms and was ill for many days. He is gaining fast now and we thank God that he was spared to us.

March 26, 1878—Today is baby's birthday. Mate, Bennie and I took him and Mary down to the gallery and had their pictures taken. Baby isn't at all strong for one year old. He has sat alone for months but doesn't creep or walk. I feel so sorry when I see how frail he seems. Dear little Mary is doing nicely, and runs out doors and plays in the yard.

The meetings have closed. Many have come to Christ, and all are glad of that. Bennie sits here reading The Youth's Companion. His health isn't very good. Pete is sitting here too while I write. Dear boy. He is growing so fast.

April 7, 1878—Sabbath, five o'clock. It is raining out and looks so gloomy. Baby

has been quite sick again for two or three days. This morning Mate and Jerome went to church and Bennie and Pete went to the hall to meeting.

We moved last week into Mr. Phillip's house. I do not feel very much at home here yet, although we have made it look quite home like and pleasant. Mate thinks she must go home this week. She has been here seven weeks and I know she has been lonely many times.

This afternoon Mary and I went to communion. Several joined the church, Mr. Van Loon among the number. May we all be true followers of Christ.

When Mate goes home we think of going down to Eau Claire. Think it will do us all good, especially the little ones who have been so shut in these past months. Jerome is lying on the bed with his little Mary, trying to get her to sleep, but I never heard such a chattering as she keeps up. The last bell is ringing, and I think he wanted to go to church. I got baby to sleep. Mate is lying on the couch, and Bennie and Pete are reading.

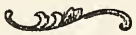
I must close as I have a letter to write yet tonight. May divine blessings rest upon my family.

April 10, 1878. We have been so busy today, washing and cleaning, and it has rained all day. Last night Mary was croupy, and tonight she croups incessantly. Hope she isn't going to be sick. Baby seems to be gaining slowly, but he can't creep yet. We can't go home to Eau Claire and take Mary on account of the weather.

September 15, 1878. How long it has been since I opened these pages. It has been a very warm, busy summer, and yet God has been kind to us and spared our family while many have been carried to the silent grave. Dear little Mary will be three years old in a few days; the 26th, and is well and hearty, and so are the three boys. Baby Clate walks and goes where he pleases, so I think God has blessed us, and may we not forget His great goodness. Bennie went to work over to Mr. Smith's this week. He is now fifteen years old. I cannot write any more tonight, so good night, old book.

November 13, 1878. How long it has been again since I wrote of the daily hap-

penings. It seems that I am so busy with my family I do not get time for much else. Now the children are all in bed. Johnny Chamberlin is with us now, as his mother is in Madison. Mate and Clate are well and Clate can keep pace with her all day long in running and climbing. He has ten teeth and two almost through. Bennie and Pete go to school. The days are beautiful, just like summer, but it would make better times if we had sleighing. Too tired to say more. I pray that the Father may bless us from day to day.



November 28, 1878. Thanksgiving, and what a beautiful day; just like summer. They all went to church today but baby and I. Baby was feverish Sunday night, and the next morning was very sick. He has been ill ever since, but is some better now. He is twenty months old; has ten teeth and has been so well until now. The rest are all well, so we are indeed blessed. Hope we will not forget from whom all blessings come. Good night, old diary. I will lay my pen aside and rest myself.

February 24, 1879. What a long, long time it has been since I have written a line in you, old diary, and how many things have happened since. Another dear little girl has been given unto us. When two weeks old she weighed six pounds, and now, at two months, she weighs about nine pounds. She is so frail and sweet. We think some of calling her Abbie. Mate came up five weeks ago and is going home next Saturday, and then we shall be lonely. Jerome is complaining. He is always so well and happy that we don't know what to think if he complains. Bennie and Pete go to school this winter. May God bless our humble home, and make us a happy family.

Mother.

March 18, 1879—Days have passed since I opened this book, and tonight I feel so lonely, for Jerome and Mate and Pete have gone to Eau Claire. Baby and Clate are asleep. Clate has been so happy today, but the baby doesn't seem well. She is three months old and weighs ten pounds.

Pete is going to stay a few days and visit

grandpa. George Chase and Bennie sit here doing examples, teasing the kitchen girl, and doing all sorts of things to pass the time away I guess. I hope the Father will take my family into His care and bring the absent ones home well and happy.

April 29, 1879—Spring again and my birthday last Saturday. It was also Bell Van Loon's birthday, and she and some other girls came down and took tea with us. We are all well but little baby Bessie, as Mate insists on calling her. She is sick so much. Seems to have a cold and coughs a good deal. I do hope she will be better when the weather warms up. She weighed eleven pounds when four months old and now at five months am sure she doesn't weigh more than ten. I am so anxious to see her grow and feel well, she is such a sweet little one.

We have bought this place now and have been setting out shrubbery and making it look more homelike.

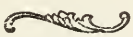
It is ten o'clock. Three little ones are

asleep, Jerome, Bennie and Pete sit here reading. So ends April 29, 1879.

Mother.

July 11, 1879—It has been a long time since I have written, and now as sister Mate is going home tomorrow I shall not get much time to write. I shall not have time for anything but to tend baby, as she is quite sick with whooping cough. Mate and Clate have had it three weeks but only bad enough to make them very cross, so we don,t care if they don't get any worse. Sister Mate has been here four weeks and what a lot of sewing we have done. Baby Bessie has so many poor spells she doesn't seem to gain much.

We have our house all fixed up. We have a new carpet, and I think it is so pretty and am so glad to have it. May I be thankful for small blessings if I do not have great ones.

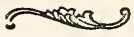


Bennie is working for Mr. Hill. He has been there some time. I am glad he has a place and am so anxious he should do well

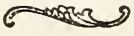
and grow into an earnest, honest man. May he be blest with health. It is vacation time and Pete is home. He is looking for Joe Dudley, from Eau Claire, to come up and visit him soon.

I am going to try and take my Sabbath school class again, and when I cannot go Jerome will teach it. May God's blessings be upon it. It is dinner hour and I must go. Mate is rocking baby to sleep.

Your loving Mother.



July 22, 1879—Ten o'clock and every body is asleep. Baby isn't at all well. She has a boil on her leg and I know it feels bad. If she were only well how happy I should be. We feed her different kinds of food now such as eggs and milk, and she seems to gain slowly. Clate is well and has all his teeth but four back ones. Pete has great times playing ball with the boys. I made them some balls out of yarn. The days are very warm, and I feel weary. We have many sorrows in this life but in the better land no sorrows come.



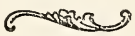
July 29, 1879—Today I have been up to

Mrs. Brook's with baby Bess, who seems to be gaining slowly. She is now seven months old but so small and frail. She is so sweet and pretty, and we all love her so much. I do hope she may be spared to us I left Matie and Clate with sister Mate and she said they were very good. Matie seems feverish tonight. I hope the darling is not going to be sick. The children got over the whooping cough and we are so thankful for that. May God watch over us tonight and may I be more faithful in every good work. Baby is crying and I must go to her. Mother.

July 31, 1879—This is the last day of July. How fast the days and months pass along, and I am anxious to have them, as through the hot weather so many children are sick. Mrs. Brook's baby is very ill with bowel trouble. I hope it may be spared, and our own sweet darlings too.

The ladies are having prayer meeting at the different homes, and I hope it may do great good in Bloomer. May I live nearer the Father's side. May He watch over my dear family tonight, and remember dear

Bennie who is not with us. He is still at Mr. Hill's, and I miss him so much. I do hope he will be kept from temptation. Pete and the rest of the family are in bed so I will stop writing and go to my rest.



August 3, 1879—I went to Sabbath school and had a fine class. Came home and got dinner and now Bennie has gone back to his work and I am so lonely, as I always am when he goes away. He always comes home Sundays from where he works but when he goes back we miss him so. God bless him this week as he has ever since he has been working there.

August 4, 1879—Ten o'clock and we are very happy, for Mrs. Truax came tonight and we were so glad to see her. Now all are in bed but myself. Clate was quite sick Saturday and has not been well since. Pete has gone to carry water to some men in the harvest field and help where he can. How lonely the house seems with both my boys gone. Well, I must go to bed. Am tired.

August 7, 1879—Cordelia is going home today. She has made me a dress. We all enjoy having her come and miss her so much when she goes. We went up on the hill for a short time today, and left baby Bess home. She is very poorly. She coughs so much that sometimes I am afraid she will never be any better. She is crying now so will go.

August 9, 1879—Am tired tonight. Poor baby has worried so today which she seldom does. She slept but little last night and I know she is sick. Sister Cordelia has gone and the house seems lonely without her. It has been so cold we kept fire all day. Mate and Clate are very well. Pete and Joe Dudley, who is visiting him, are in bed. They are having a fine time since he came up. I can't write any more tonight.

August 11, 1879—Monday evening and I am tired, as usual. Had a washwoman today. Mr. Foster, the Methodist minister took dinner with us. We were very glad

to see him. This afternoon a Mr. Carter and wife came, and they stayed for tea. They are from Michigan and are away for their health.

Baby is very poorly now and so wakeful nights. We are so anxious for her to be better. May God give us strength as our day is. I hope He will care for us as no one else can. Now I will go to bed until dear baby needs me.

Mother.

September 3, 1879—Jerome sits here reading and tells me to go to bed I look so tired. Baby has been very poorly lately. She has had several boils and I know has suffered a good deal from them. I have been up with her night and day. She has no teeth yet and seems so weak. I think the whooping cough weakened her lungs, as she coughs a good deal. We are hoping and praying that our precious one may be better soon.

Last week Tom, Sue and Mate came up and went to the Lake House and spent a day. I was sick when they came but feel better

now, I guess because Mate came. I always feel better when she comes.

Bennie is coming home to stay in about three weeks. He will have just one week of rest and then to school. God bless and keep him a good boy.

Anna is ironing yet, but the rest of the family is in bed and I must go too, so I will close this book.

September 11, 1879—How hard it is raining. Babies are all sleeping. I feel so discouraged over the little one, yet may I trust God in all things from day to day. Baby is crying so I must go.

September 26, 1879—Dear little Matie's birthday. Pete gave her a shawl pin and her papa looked the town through for a work basket for her but couldn't find any. She has taken a notion for a box or something to keep pieces of ribbon, calico and other little things she finds around in. She has been quite ill for two or three days, but is feeling better today, though she still looks pale. She gets a pin or a needle and

tries to sew, and does many little chores for me. She and Clate are so full of life I don't know what to do with them sometimes. I tell you they make music out doors and in, but I can't let them go out now it is so cold. I often have to send them to the kitchen for I think noise disturbs baby. She seems better just now but I am so afraid all the time that she will have a poor spell. If she shouldn't have any more bad days how glad we would be, but we can only leave it with God. I am trying to do some sewing but get along very slowly baby is so troublesome and Mate and Clate need much attention.

Next Sunday Bennie comes home to stay and we are all so glad. He has been over there five months. Baby is nine months old but very small. I get so weary waiting for her to be better.

I must stop writing and go to sewing, as the little ones are sleeping and it is early, twenty minutes to seven. I earnestly pray that the Father may keep my family well this winter, and may we live worthy of His blessings.

Your loving mother.

September 30, 1877—My dear little babies are in bed and so is Pete. He read a chapter in the Bible before going. May he always keep up this good habit. I feel tired as baby was very wakeful last night, yet she seems to be gaining a little every day now. We put her in her buggy and Mate, Clate and I went walking with her. How she did enjoy it, so did all the rest of us, and we were good and hungry for our dinner, which was waiting for us when we got home. Mate hasn't seemed very well for a few days. I will close now as I am very tired.

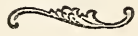
Your loving Mother.

October 27, 1879—How fast time is passing away. It is eight o'clock and the babies are sleeping. I feel so tired I will go and lie down while Anna, the maid, sits by baby, who is very poorly again. If I get a nap the fore part of the night I can get along all right. I am so discouraged over the baby not being so well. Week before last we took the three little ones and went to Eau Claire, leaving Bennie and Pete home with Anna. Baby Bess was all right until after we had been home

two or three days, then she was taken sick and hasn't been well since. Bennie and Pete go to school and Mate and Clate have great fun playing from morning till night. Well, I must go to bed.

December 1, 1879—It is winter again and so warm it is raining. Jerome has gone to Sand Creek to the Temple of Honor. I hope he will not take cold. Matie went to sleep crying because papa was gone and she fears he will not have a good place to sleep and that he will not come home. and wondered who would dress her in the morning. He will come home in the night sometime.

Mother.



Baby Bessie will be one year old in five days. What a year of suffering it has been for her and of anxiety for us. She is so small for a child a year old. Her little wrist is just the size of her arm. Mate and Clate are well and Clate is growing fast. If the Father above would bless baby as He has Clate how thankful I would be.

Thanksgiving brother Ben and Ellen and

Mate came up and we had a good visit. I have been doing the work alone for three weeks. Baby is very troublesome. Good night.

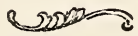
December 25, 1879—Last evening we took the children to the Christmas tree and they were so pleased. Jerome stayed with baby Bess. She is gaining, stands on her feet now, something she never did before. In one week more the new year begins. I hope we will live nearer the Father's side from day to day. I am still doing my work but Mate is coming if Jerome goes down, and I hope he will. The little ones are feeling so well that I don't mind the work, and I am so happy and thankful when they are well. It is very cold weather now. Bennie thinks of going to Chippewa tomorrow to drive McCann's oxen. I hope he won't get cold. When I think of my boy getting so big and old his mischievous days come back to me and I smile to think how little I understood him. Poor little fellow! his young mother didn't know much about little boys, I can see that now in the few years that have passed since. He could not read well enough to be interested

and he had to run away or do something to amuse himself. He is making up now for not reading in those days, for he is a great reader.

One more week and we start on another new year. Where will we all be one year from tonight? I do hope that all my family may be with me. Good night to Christmas 1879.

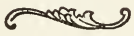
I will copy a beautiful little poem I read today and then must go to rest.

Mother.



"The little cares that fret us
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea;
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herd
The rustling of the trees
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees!

The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God."



January 16, 1880—How fast time passes away. Baby has one little tooth and weighs twelve pounds. We are all so well and are thankful for such a blessing. Jerome went down to Eau Claire and Mate came home with him, and the children and all are so glad. The day has been warm, snow is all gone off and it seems just like spring. Matie and Clate have bad colds, and I have bathed them and put them to bed. Jerome is at lodge and somehow I feel sad. Baby is crying so I must go to her. She sits alone now, and I am so glad.

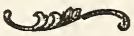
This song comes to me this evening, and I am wondering if I have helped my children or others along the journey of life.

"I have sung of the faith that takes God at His word,
That steps out on each promise that meets
The needs of the hour, then waits on the Lord
Till fulfillment its constancy greets;

I have sung of the help we should give as we go,
Since we travel the road nevermore;
Of the kind word and deed that to fruitage will grow,
Bloom, bear, through the years o'er and o'er.

God bade me to sing, what a joy it has been
Thus His message to bear;
Have I helped one soul He was seeking to win?
Have I lightened one burden of care?

Have I comforted one when the death angel came
And bore a dear loved one away?
Have I wakened new faith in the power of that name
He has taught us to plead when we pray?"



January 18, 1880—Today is Sunday and I went to church with Jerome and the little ones this morning. I have given up my Sunday School class as baby is so poorly I would not leave her. This afternoon Mrs. Williams and I went up to Mr. Pritchard's. He is very ill and they are poor and need-

ing many, many things. I hope we can and will do something for them. I will try to. I could do more if baby was well. It is very warm today, just like spring.

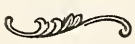
February 11, 1880—We weighed Bessie today and she weighs twelve pounds, and has two little teeth, but I know the darling isn't at all well. It has been a long time since I wrote but I am so busy with the little ones, and I feel that is my first duty, and especially as baby is so poorly. Some days she laughs and plays and when her papa comes in up go those little hands so pleadingly for him to take her, and he does so as quickly as he gets off his hat and coat. The children love baby dearly.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

"Trust ye in the Lord forever for in the Lord is everlasting strength." (Isaiah)

February 14, 1880—Just read a piece called "Alone With God," saying what a comfort at times it is to be by ourselves and

feel that only God is with us. Are we often so? I know it is good for us, and it made me think of a beautiful poem.



"I love to steal a while away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempest driven.

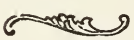
Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day."

March 17, 1880—Thursday evening, eight o'clock and time I was in bed. It has been weeks since I wrote in this book, and many things have happened. Tonight Bennie is

in Eau Claire, and I hope he is well. Jerome has not come from the store yet. Pete has just gone to bed after giving me a good night kiss. Mollie and Clate are asleep. (Lately we are calling Mate "Mollie." Her papa likes that for her). The children have had a happy day and a great frolic tonight. Mrs. Whitney was over this forenoon. We think a great deal of her. Jerome has just come in from the store so I will close.

March 18, 1880—The day has been pleasant, but the roads are impassable. Little ones are asleep. Clate was a little croupy last night, and am so afraid he will be again tonight. Bennie is at Eau Claire. May God's goodness be with my dear boy. Keep him from sin and temptation and bring him safely home once more.

Your loving Mother.

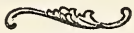


April 14, 1880—The children are wild to get out of doors, and I have hard work to keep them in when the sun is bright, but the ground is all water and I am so afraid they will take cold. Pete has been quite

unwell but seems better today. Bennie and I made some hulled corn today, and this evening we took dear Mrs. Brown some. She isn't very well. I am still doing my own work and sometime I get very tired. I hope to keep well.

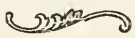
Mother.

October 1, 1880—Our dear little Bessie passed away September 17, 1880. How hard it is to give her up. She was very ill for three weeks with malignant erysipelas. The house is so lonely for she had been our constant care. I am so glad I can say that I was never weary of doing for the darling. Mollie and Clate miss her so much, for when they came in from play she was always there, and it seemed as though she was waiting and watching for them. Our ways seem not to be God's ways.



"Cross the white hands on her bosom
With a rosebud put therein;
Never was a daintier blossom
Snatched from out the world of sin;
Put on her no grave like raiment,
It would mock her heavenly birth;
Robe her in the little garments
That she loved while here on earth."

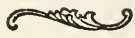
It is a lovely Sabbath day but we are so lonely. How empty handed I feel with no little one to hold any more. In heaven may we be an unbroken family.



March 17, 1881—Mrs. Spooner's children are very ill with diptheria, and Mrs. Brown is also very sick. She is such a dear friend of mine. May she trust in God as her dearest friend.

Your loving Mother.

March 24, 1881—Bennie has been working for my dear brother Ezra. I always call him my good brother. He has six nice children growing up, and Laura his wife, is just as good as he is. We do enjoy taking the little ones and going there for a visit. It is surely a fine place to go. May the Heavenly Father bless them both, and may their children be a comfort to them as age creeps upon them. Pete and the little ones are well and we are so thankful.



March 27, 1881—Yesterday we had a large wash which I did with Bennie's help. He came home Monday.

Last Saturday was dear little Clate's birthday. I made a cake and Miss Cogan came over to tea. Mollie and little Clate were so happy all day. He is a nice large boy and we are so thankful he is spared to us. May he see many more years and live to be a blessing to all who know him. They are having measles all around. I hope the children may escape them as they are having them so hard this year.

December 26, 1882—Nearly a year since I opened this book. Let me see where I left off. It was when diptheria raged so in the town through February and March. I took my little ones and went to Eau Claire and stayed two weeks. This is the last week of the old year. Only a few days more and it is gone. We have been blessed in the past year. Two years ago little Bess left our home forever. Jerome and Bennie haven't come from the store yet. Pete sits here reading and Mollie and Clate are in bed. I will not write any more tonight.

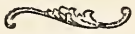
April 1, 1883—Now we are passing through a new year. Jerome's birthday

was in February and he was forty seven. This month is mine and I am forty-three. Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham and Nelly Sterns were over to dinner on his birthday and sister Mate was here. Now she is gone and the house seems lonely. Mother.

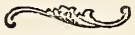
September 13, 1883—How long it has been since I took up my pen to write in this book. I often write letters but haven't time to write here. Much has happened and passed and gone—can't begin to tell all without much more time than I feel I have now, but one very important thing is, we have another little daughter in our family. She came with a thousand welcomes to gladden our home, and is now two and one half months old. When two weeks old she weighed six pounds and now she weighs thirteen pounds and seems so well. Pete is in Adler's store working for a while and Bennie is at home, came last week. Jerome has just returned from Ohio, where he went for a visit with his parents. He was gone five weeks.

November 4, 1883—I will say just a word. Baby is four months old and seems so well and bright, weighs fifteen pounds. We

are all usually well. Bennie is working in Eau Claire in the planing mill. Just commenced work and likes it. Mollie, Clate and Pete go to school. Pete left Adler's store when school opened. Jerome has just come so will drop this writing. He is in the home so little it seems I can't spend time writing when he is here. Good night.



December 28, 1883—Sunday evening. Baby is now five months old and weighs seventeen pounds. The weather is warm and sunny. I hope no serious sickness will come to our home in the year we are about to enter upon.



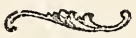
This winter we have two teachers boarding with us. They are home on a vacation now. Clate is getting ready for bed, has kissed us all around as he does every night, and now he is laughing at baby because she tries to say goodnight. I hope we may all be spared to each other for another year. Mollie wants me to read my chapter, as we try to do every evening. I hope we may be faithful in reading it in the years to come. Good bye 1883. Soon you will be gone forever.

April 16, 1884—Mr. Smith died yesterday. Well, he is at rest. Brother Galloway was here to tea this evening. Little ones are sleeping sweetly after having had their baths. Father, give us Thy blessings tonigh and care for dear Bennie, far away in Montana. He never was so far away before and he has been gone a long time. We are going to have him come home soon, we miss him so much.

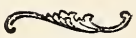
May 8, 1884—Nearly another month has passed since I wrote last. Little Mollie and Clate go to Sabbath school every Sunday when well. Today they went to church with Jerome and didn't stay to Sunday school. Today sister Mate and little Mollie went out riding with Mrs. Hoyt, and while they were gone Clate wanted to take the little set of dishes papa bought Mollie for Christmas. He let the box fall and broke a good many of them. He cried so hard about it and when Mollie came she cried too. Dear little Mollie thought so much of them. Sorrow begins with them in early life and it will go with them to the end.

Jerome works steadily every day. Sometimes I think he doesn't look well, but he

won't say a word if he isn't. The little ones are running just as hard as they can with a little dog they call Tony, that their papa bought for them. Such fun as they have with him, but he has torn their clothes so badly I am not going to keep the little pest. They will feel so bad if they have to let him go, and so I hardly know what to do. I did not go to church today.



May 10, 1884—Mr. C. D. Tillinghast is going to take Pete into his bank to work but we think he needs a vacation first, so he is going to Waseca to visit Joe Trnax for a while.



May 20, 1884--A little while ago Joe Truax and another boy came up here for a visit. I don't like the boy one bit. He is older than either Joe or Pete, and I believe he is a bad boy. Now when I think of Pete being there at Waseca and probably thrown into his company it worries me dreadfully. Tomorrow I am going to write Pete a letter. I am so afraid my darling boy will be led into temptation.

Bloomer, Wis., May 21, 1884.

Darling Pete and Joe:—

Pete, we got your letter yesterday, and now I find myself, amid a thousand cares, trying to answer it so that it can go out in the earliest mail. Pete dear, since I found that boy was with you and Joe last Sunday I am not happy any more. I shall not feel contented while you are away. I know that boy is a bad boy, and bad associates are not good for boys. I wonder how you passed the Sabbath. Perhaps in smoking, I cannot think of anything much worse. Pete, have stamina and manliness enough to say no to every temptation. Oh! do, my dear young boy. Don't worry and trouble us by doing anything that would make us regret letting you go up there, don't, my darling boy. Papa let you go because he thought it would benefit you, so be a man. I am sure you will. I think you had better come home soon, as I shall feel better to have you where we can see you often. God bless and keep my darling from everything that is wrong.

You haven't written to your teacher yet. Don't forget her, but write her a nice long letter of the beautiful city and nice things in general. She and Miss James were here to tea the other night. I like them both. Bennie writes he hasn't heard from you since you went. For shame, my love.

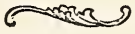
We have ten little chicks, two little kittens and no old cat. She was so sick Jerome killed her.

Baby Abbie has two little teeth and is real well, although she still coughs some from the whooping cough. We think of going to Eau Claire next Tuesday. How nice and sunny the days are.

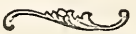
Oh! my darling, I could write pages and pages to you if I had time. Now Pete love, be in evenings and spend the time writing to us. I can't bear to think of that bad boy. Let them see they cannot tempt you. Don't be induced to use tobacco in any form, and may God grant that nothing lower than tobacco may ever pass your lips.

Well, dear, I must close. Write often to us. Good bye, my darling boy. Your loving Mother.

P. S.—Little Mollie and Clate send love and kisses. Joe, good bye. Come and see us.



I think from a letter he wrote me while there in Waseca that he must have been homesick. This letter has been so dear to me all these years, and as I read it over and over again my heart just aches thinking of the dear one. He was my rising and setting sun. I loved him so dearly. Here is the letter:



Waseca, May 28, 1884.

Dear and Kind Mother:—This letter finds me in Trole's and Joe's room where I have been for two

hours all alone, and all the time I have been thinking of my dear old home and my kind, indulgent mother. I don't believe I have ever thought how kind you have always been to me until I came away from home. I have thought of it ever since I have been here. I am doing my best to be better than I was when I left home. I have written only business letters home. Tell father to send me what he can spare of that fifteen, or all, if he can. Oh! if I could only step into the house and see you all now how glad I would be. How is baby Abbie? Will said she was sick.

Joe is coming home with me I think, and if he does we will stop in Eau Claire a few days.

Did father take that book back to Stern's and pay him the seventy-five I owed him? Was baby so sick you were up nights with her? I was sick for two days after I quit working nights, but now feel quite well again.

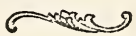
Joe and I are coming home by way of Winona, as it will cost us only about a dollar more to come to Eau Claire through the southern part of the state.

Well, answer soon. Give my love to all my friends and kiss the baby for me. Hoping God will bless and take care of her. Lovingly, Your Obedient Son,

Pete Champion.

June 29, 1884—It has been some time since I wrote. How many things I could

say if I only had more time, but baby Abbie takes so much of it I don't have much left for writing. When she was six months old she took the whooping cough, about Thanksgiving time, and she coughed all winter, was very bad at one time. It is so hard to have it in the winter. She weighed twenty pounds before she caught the whooping cough and now weighs only seventeen pounds. She still coughs, but the weather is warm, and that is good for her. She has two teeth and will soon have more I think. Jerome is walking with her now and I must go and take her. Mollie has been over to Mrs. Trempers for two days, and it seems so lonesome without her. Bennie is in Eau Claire and the rest are home. If they could always be home, but they can't. Some day this home will be gone and then it is better if they know how to care for themselves. In God's own good time may we be gathered together in His home where we will never be separated and where the weary are at rest. God bless and keep us tonight is my earnest wish.



July 4, 1884:—The great day that has been looked forward to so long has come and

gone. Bloomer did very well and was just full of people. I had fourteen for dinner, friends from the country who like to get in on such days. Mollie came home from Mrs. Tremper's today, and now at ten o'clock the three little ones are asleep. God love and bless the darlings! Jerome, Bennie and Petie are over to the hall. It has been a lovely day but tonight it is raining hard.

I am so glad that Petie is at home again. He is going in the bank the first of August and I hope he will do well.

November 10, 1884—What a long time it has been since I have written in my dear old diary! Am so busy and the time flies by so fast. Petie is in the bank and getting along finely with the work, but he is not very well. Our dear Bennie is far from us tonight. He has gone to Butte City, Montana, and we miss him so much. Dear boy, how lonely the house seems without him! God bless and keep my boy ever in the right way is my daily prayer.

Mother.

December 31, 1884—The last day of 1884 will soon be gone and we will be dating our letters 1885. Dear little Abbie sits in her high chair across the table from me, Mollie and Clatie are tearing around, as usual, and Jerome and Petie are out somewhere: Our dear Bennie is far away, and when I think of the many miles that lie between him and home it makes me sad. I must commence a letter to him. He has been gone nearly two months. How often I wonder when we will see his dear face again. Heavenly Father, care for him, watch over his ways and keep him in right paths.

The past year has not brought any great sorrow to us, and we have had many blessings, for which I trust we are thankful, but we need His kind care in the year to come just as much as we needed it in the past year.

February 20, 1885—I have been very neglectful of you, old book, but I cannot help it. I have so many letters to write to dear Bennie, and I would not miss writing to him and disappoint him for the world. Then, too, I am so worried about Petie. His health is very poor and I fear he must

resign his position in the bank. My precious boy! I do hope the doctor will help him. He has given us encouragement but doctors do not always know. We have tried to have him stop working but he does not like to give up his good position, and thinks he will soon be better. God grant that he may, for we love him so dearly. He is always so sunny and pleasant, no one can help loving him.

March 1, 1885— The first day of spring is here, and I am glad, for I hope when the weather warms up Pete will improve. We are all so anxious, are doing everything we can, but still he doesn't improve as he should. If there is not a decided change for the better pretty soon we shall insist on his giving up his position and going to a different climate.

Mother.

March 16, 1885— The day has been warm and pleasant, but it has been a very cold winter, and so we hail with joy the pleasant days. Archie Chrisholm is boarding with us again and Willie Larson takes his meals

with us, so we have quite a family. I am not very well, but hope to keep around. God bless and keep us in all things.

March 24, 1885— We went to church and Sunday school, and after we had dinner Jerome helped me do up the dinner work and then I lay down a while, as I was very tired. I am doing my work alone and enjoy it for a while. When here alone my nerves seem to get rested and quited down and I feel better. If only my boy was well.

There is another long break in the writ- here. Those were busy, anxious days. Pete stayed in the bank just as long as he could, but we saw that he must leave, as he was not gaining any, even under the doctor's care. He was very loath to leave such a good position. Mr. Tillinghast wrote and gave him such a nice letter, in which he said that Pete, though so young, was very capable in business, and that he was possessed of abilities far beyond his age.

Thinking a change might benefit him he and I went to Wakefield, Nebraska. We stayed there awhile and he seemed to be gaining. We then went to Mapleton, Iowa, to my sister's. He seemed contented

there. We left home the 20th of April and I stayed with him about four weeks, then I came home and left him there, thinking he would gain, but I think he missed me so much that he was rather homesick. It seemed as though I must come home, for I had left Mollie and Clatie and baby Abbie, only about a year old, and they needed their mother. Pete needed me, too, and it seemed as if I was in deep trouble. We bought him a pony and saddle, thinking horseback riding would be good for him, and for a while he seemed to gain. After a time it seemed to us he was not getting along as he should, and we tried so hard to have him come home, but he thought if he roughed it awhile he would improve. Finally I took little Clatie and went down to see for myself how he was getting along. We decided he must come home. He wanted to come with his buggie and pony, so I got a boy to come with him, and Clate and I came on the train. They were about three weeks coming, but the journey was too much for him in his weakened condition. Poor boy! he was so glad to get home. He lived only about three weeks after reaching home, but I ought to thank God that he lived to

get here and die in his home, with his loved ones around him. O, what sad days for all of us. Bennie was out west. We wrote for him to come home and he was with us about two weeks before Petie's death. We were all so glad he came. If Petie had only come on the train instead of with the pony how much easier it would have been for him. He wanted to come that way, but he was so tired, dear boy, so soon to go from us, never to return.

I will copy some of the letters written during that sad time. I cannot copy them all, as it brings back those days of sorrow too vividly, so, dear children, if the connection of events is not always as clear as it should be perhaps it will be plain enough for you to realize something of the terrible strain we were under, and how we wanted, and tried, to do everything in our power to keep our loved one with us. The first is my own letter, written from Mapleton just before I started for home, leaving Petie there.

Mapleton, Iowa. May 14, 1885.

To the Dear Ones at Home:–

Today I am longing to see each of you, yes, every

one of you. I cannot tell you how many times a day my thoughts go away back home, and how I hope the good Father will keep you all safe until I come.

We arrived here at Heck's Monday evening at six. Heck met us and Aunt Sadie was looking and waiting for us. Pete was very tired. Thole and Joe Truax came to Beriah's last Saturday and stayed untill Monday, and came as far as Sioux City They didn't know that Aunt Libbie was dead. We are having a nice visit here. It is a lovely place. Heck has the office of village marshall I can tell you all when I get home.

Tuesday we went to Carrie's, and Petie drove the horses, a high lifed team, but Walt had to drive them home. Petie was afraid of them. He isn't strong, you see. Today he doesn't feel very well, but he does not cough hardly at all any more. He sleeps quite well nights, but is very nervous. Now he is worrying about my going home, and I do feel so bad about leaving the dear one here. He is going as far as Sioux City with me and then going to Beriah's. I wish he would stay here but he doesn't seem to want to. I think it is because he can go part way with me. Poor darling boy! I do feel so bad to go home without him.

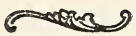
We are going to church Sunday, and Monday, if nothing happens, I am going to start for home, sweet home. May you all be kept safe until I come. My precious baby! I dare not think about her and little Mollie and Clatie. May they keep well till mama comes. Don't let one thing happen to any of you to cause my sad heart to ache. I shall not forget to thank

God that He has kept you safely. I cannot help feeling anxious since I have been away from you. Petie has gone up town. Tomorrow we are going out around the city.

Be careful and not take baby out doors in the cold wind, and dear Clatie and Mollie, be so careful till mama comes. I have so much to tell you little ones, so much I have seen since I have been away. Well, good bye my precious darlings. Perhaps I won't write again. God bless and keep you. Kiss one another for me. Petie has just come in with a letter from you, and he says to tell you he is sick. Don't let dear baby get sick. I am so glad to start for home. If Petie would only come with me I would be so happy, but he doesn't think it best. I am sure he is going to be very lonesome, and I fear homesick, the dear one! Good bye till I come.

Your dear wife and mother.

Mrs. J. B. CHAMPION.



Wakefield. Neb., May 19, 1885.

Dear father and mother:—

I arrived here in safety Monday night, and Tom was after me. He said if I had not come Monday I would have had to have walked, for they didn't expect me back at all. They said you told Trole and Joe that you didn't think I ought to come back again.

Well, mother dear, I hope you arrived home all right. I came near coming back after I got down to the depot. Your ticket was all right, I hope. How

did you find all the folks, anyhow? Write to me immediately and tell me all the particulars. What does father think about the pony? Good scheme, isn't it?

I found everybody all well here. I gave him the letters, which he read and cried over. Ella does the housework except the baking. This forenoon uncle Beriah went to town and Tom and I got the dinner. We baked as nice a batch of biscuit as you ever saw, boiled potatoes, fried pork and made tea. I guess that was all, only some horseradish, but a man, or boy either, can eat his fill from that and feel as well as if he had had a much nicer meal.

Well, I must close. Write often

Your affectionate son,

PETE.

Butte City, Montana, May 19, 1885.

Dear father—

I received your letter tonight and as I have nothing else to do, thought I would answer it now. I was very glad to hear from you and hope this will find you well and happy. I am enjoying good health.

I can't help but think that if you had sent Pete out here at first he would have been all right. This is the country for him. You had better send him right out now. He can roam around and have a good time. Too bad about aunt Lib. I am glad the children keep well. If Pete were only as well we would all be glad.

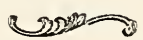
Will Pete come back with mother? If so send him out here at once. This is the place for him, running in the mountains. I thought Will Larson was coming here. I would have liked to have seen him.

I try to save twenty-five dollars a month, but sometimes I can't, for things are high here.

Well, love to all. Write often.

Your son,

BEN CHAMPION.



Bloomer, Wis., May 20, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

I got home all right Wednesday morning. They had not gotten my letter that I was coming. Perhaps it wasn't put in the office.

I was so lonely at the Merchant Hotel after you went away, and then it began to grow dark; but the landlady came in and sat with me until twelve, and then the night clerk went to the depot with me, so I got along all right. I found them all well at home. but I don't think papa looks as well as when we left home. My trunk didn't come yesterday but got here today.

Willie Larson did not got go to Butte. Mollie says he is going to work for Mr. Bing. Dear boy! I will give him your letter when he comes home. Archie went back to his old place. The trees and vegetation look green and fine.

Now, Pete, do be careful, and don't get worse.

Papa is so anxious about you, darling. Baby didn't know me when I got home. She put up her little lips and cried when I went to take her.

I have many letters to write so please excuse a short one this time. Write often to us, I miss you every where I look. Goodbye, darling. God bless and keep you from harm is the prayer of your loving

MOTHER.

Bloomer, Wis., May 29, 1885.

Dear Pete:—

Yours came to hand yesterday and one from Ben by the same post. We are all well and I trust you are improving. You must be extremely careful of your health in every particular, for you know that will go a great ways toward effecting a cure.

Tomorrow is Decoration Day, and Bloomer is to have a turnout. C. D. I think is the orator of the day.

We are having very nice weather here, warm and pleasant. Will send papers by this mail and keep it up every mail. Will put a little money in this letter so you will not be "busted" all the time. Try and be as saving as possible of what you have, for just now I am pretty close run for money, and it will take two months longer for me to get out of debt. I will try and send enough so you can pay for your trunk and have a little left. Mama will write a little so I must close. Good bye,

Your father,

J. B. CHAMPION,

Wakefield, Neb., June 3, 1885.

Dear father and mother:—

I received your letter Monday night and was glad you answered so soon. I am glad you sent me Ben's letter. I must write to him when I get time.

I went to the lumber yards of Shumway & Everette. They have bought of McCauley and of Cartwright two years ago, and I send you what he says. Uncle Bry says the best, planed on one side and one edge, is $50 a "m". All the lumber they have is dressed that way, Uncle Bry says the best lumber here is only good cull there. I also send a little piece I read somewhere, and it agrees with me in nearly all of its ideas.

Now do send me that $65, because it is easier to do that now than to spend $500 bye and bye. I went to the doctor and had an examination and he said my right lung was pretty good, (when I left home it was well) but he said my left lung was very bad, and that if I could ever be cured it could be done easier now than later. I feel as though if I had a pony I should begin to improve. More in my next.

Your loving son,

PETIE CHAMPION.

Bloomer, Wis., June 4, 1885.

Darling Pete:—

We got your letter last night, and I couldn't sleep thinking of you. You have taken cold I think. We don't know what to do. Papa is so anxious about you

too. Papa doesn't seem so well as he usually does, or he doesn't look as well, I am sure. Last night we talked and talked, of you, of course, and of what it was best to do. Thought perhaps it would be best for me to go again and get some rooms and see that you had every comfort possible. How would you like that? Would that suit you, dear? Petie, Bennie is so anxious you should come out to Butte. He thinks it would do you good. Then, again, when I think how far, far away from us you would be I don't know what to say. If it were best for you I would say yes, of course, but we can't tell. Archie still thinks of going.

If I came to you I would bring baby Abbie and Clatie and Mollie. That is quite a family to start with, but we wouldn't care after we got to housekeeping, would we, dear? If it will be for your benefit I will come, gladly. We are sending you some medicine. Now Petie, take it, as it is highly recommended. Be sure and take the lung remedies. Papa will send you some money. Don't take any more salts, as that is weakening to you. Be sure and take the medicine we send, and we hope you will be all right.

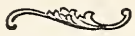
Baby is out on the porch playing. Every one says she looks as you used to. Mr. Sterns came in with her the other day. She was on the sidewalk with Mollie, and he said she looked so pretty he couldn't help taking her up, and then she wanted to stay with him. He said she was Pete all over.

I hope you don't have chills any more. Write us

all the particulars. It is lovely weather here now. If you would rather go down to Heck's, go, dear. Papa will write some in this. Petie, be a good boy and trust God. He will do all things well. He will not fail us. He is the best of all friends to rely on. Write often, we are so anxious to hear from you.

With love to all, especially your own dear self, good bye.

Your loving
MOTHER.



Butte, Mont., June 5, 1885.

Dear father and mother:—

I have received several letters from you lately but haven't had time to answer them, so now will try to answer them all in one. I am very well. I am boarding at the restaurant now, and have everything one calls for. We had a fine strawberry shortcake for supper.

How I do wish you would send Pete out here. Seems to me it would be a good deal better place than where he is. It seems he couldn't help but get well here. We would buy a horse and he could ride all over the mountains and wherever he wanted to go. We could go to "baching it" if he would like that. You think about it and write soon and let me know.

Your son,
BEN J. CHAMPION.

Bloomer, Wis., June 6, 1885.

Darling Petie:—

We thought Dr. Smith put the directions in the box of medicine but he forgot it. Gilbert brought them over last night so I send them to you. Be sure and take it.

Well, Petie, if we didn't have a time last night! We were going to bed when some one knocked. Papa went to the door and there stood a host of girls for a surprise party. Then some one rapped on the dining room door, and when papa opened it there stood a lot of boys, Charley Taylor, Will McMartin, Johnnie Jones, Eddie Smith, Eddie Detloff, and the girls, well, I won't try to name them all over there were so many, all of your crowd. They just enjoyed themselves as well as they could with you gone. They went up in your room and looked over all of your belongings, then said goodnight and went away. Aunt Salome came today and is going to stay a few days. Goodbye darling, God bless and keep you. MOTHER.

Bloomer, Wis., June 8, 1885.

Darling Petie:—

I cannot eat, sleep or work well until I get a letter from you telling us where you are. If I only knew you were at Mapleton today I should feel better about you, but I don't know where you are, and don't know whether you got your money or not, but hope you did. I must be patient and I suppose I will soon know. I

sent a letter this morning and will send this tomorrow.

It is very warm here now. Tom came up today with his colt, and baby and I went riding with him before dinner. Papa went with him this afternoon and I think they will get wet, as it looks very much like rain. Tom says aunt Sue isn't at all well, and that he wishes we could all go somewhere and spend the winter where it is warm. We talked of Montana, and said there was the place we would all go. We will take the whole family and spend a happy winter with Bennie. Tom says he thinks Montana is very different from Wisconsin, and that mountain air is good for sick people. Tomorrow is the last day of school, and I am heartily glad, as the little ones are so tired. Petie, our strawberry bed is just loaded with blossoms and green berries. We will have many a dishful when ripe. I have had to stop writing and get my dress fitted. Little Tony dog doesn't grow much. Guess he misses you, perhaps. He is a nice little fellow. We have about thirty chickens. Our cow gives nice, rich milk, and when you get home it will fatten you up fine. Papa is anxious for you to come home when you can. Do write, and come as soon as possible. I am so anxious to know where you are, and when you will start for home where a thousand welcomes are waiting for my darling boy. Home is the best place for you, dear. Goodbye, I am as ever, your loving

MOTHER.

Here is such a funny, childlike letter from little Clatie to brother Petie, who is sick, he says. The darling boy! I can hardly make it out, and I smile as I copy it.

Bloomer, Wis., June 9, 1885.

Dear brother Pete:—

How are you today? Tomorrow is your birthday, mama says so. School will be out this week and I will be so glad. Baby is sitting on the floor. She would be glad if she could write to you, too. We love her so much. We are all well. We have some little kittens; two black ones and two gray ones. There were three gray ones but one died, and we were so sorry, too. The black ones are mine and the gray ones are Mollie's. I think they are pretty and so does Mollie. Baby doesn't say if she does or not, too little to say. Papa is reading some papers. The calf is big and fat. The pig is fat. The cow gives lots of milk. The dog is fat, too. Goodbye, Pete, come home soon.

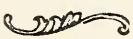
Brother CLATE.

Bloomer, Wis., June 9, 1885.

Dear Pete:—

Since writing you yesterday mama and I have come to the conclusion that you are better off here through the summer than at Beriah's, and I am sending money in this letter so that you can come. You can go to

Heck's if you want to, but don't stay unless you improve. Mama will take better care of you than any one else, and you can have a better chance to rest. Mr. Jackson has a horse that is gentle, and I think he will be perfectly willing you should drive it when you want to, if he is not using it. PAPA.



Wakefield, Neb., June 10, 1885.

Dear father and mother:—

Yesterday uncle Beriah and I went up town, and we went to the drug store and the doctor wanted to know how I felt. He looked at my nails and asked me if they were always so rounding on top. I told him I didn't know. He told uncle it would be good to get a camping outfit and a companion and travel west, camp out every night, sleep on the ground, cook our own victuals, and so on. He thought I would soon gain, and that the constant change would benefit my lungs the best of anything he knew of. This was Dr. Long, the one I commenced to doctor with. Now, dear folks, I don't know whether it would be best or not to try his cure, but if you feel perfectly willing of course I will try it. But father, please send pony money immediately, as the summer is passing quickly, and if I do anything I must begin now, as winter, with its cold and snow will soon be here again.

Well, dear folks, do you know it is my birthday today? Eighteen years ago this morning I was nothing but a bunch of flannel, wasn't I mother? I wish it was this morning. I would like to try it over again. It

was nice of the boys and girls to remember me in that way, don't you think it was? Well, I must close this conversation, my dear parents, so goodbye.

Your affectionate son,

Pete.

Bloomer, Wis., June 10, 1885.

Darling Petie:—

I hardly know tonight whether you are at Mapleton or Wakefield, so don't know where to direct my letter, but feel as though I must write anyway. We got a letter to night saying you had a mind to start for Heck's and I know if you are there tonight you are comfortable. What would I not give tonight to know where my darling is, but I cannot, and must go to bed and think of him so far from his beloved home. We sent a letter and a telegram to Beriah telling him that we sent a box of medicine, with thirty dollars in it, and a letter Saturday with five dollars in it. Hope you got them all right, and I shall feel better when I hear from you. If we only knew where you are! I wrote to Aunt Sade and told her how papa and I felt about your staying at Beriah's. I hope you will feel better when you get to Heck's, and when you get your visit out come home, darling. Everyone thinks the change home will be good for you. Willie Larson took tea with us last night. He is anxious for you too. Clatie is writing to you. How much they all talk of Pete coming home; even dear baby does too. Well, we will all be glad.

Petie, dear, do you know it is your birthday? I'll bet you do. Eighteen years God has spared you to us, and I hope and pray He may spare you eighteen years more and much longer. I have thought of it many times today. I thank Him for all his mercies to us, and still feel so dependent upon Him in the days to come. Papa sent the revolver today. Now kill rabbits and eat them. Goodbye.

Your loving MOTHER.

Bloomer, Wis., June 12, 1885.

Darling Son:—

Here I find myself writing to you again. I wrote day before yesterday, yesterday and today. Well, I can't help it someway. As I try to sew I think of you, so far away, and mother, the one who should be with you, at home and not able to do anything for you. It seems to me I could do more for you than any one else, and I want to, and must be with you. I could do so many things for you if you were right here at home. I could make rye gruel, and scald milk for you to drink, and make nice coffee, and do so much to help you keep your strength. But you are so far away from me that I can do nothing but write to you. We got your letter today saying you slept in the shanty. Oh, Pete, how much you need a good room, and all the rest you can get, so you can grow strong. Do come right home and stay with us till fall, and then you can go somewhere where it

will be warm for winter. I can't hardly wait for you to come, it is so pleasant and quiet here, and your room is so nice. I want you in it, and then I can do so much for you.

Aunt Salome says come down there and see them, and that will be a change for you. Elnora, our cousin, says she thinks you will be so much better off here at home till fall, and then we will arrange for you to go. If you wish to, make Heck's folks another visit, and then come home just as fast as you can, and I pray that you will gain in health and flesh and get all right. I think I will have papa send you some money tomorrow so if you wish you can come immediately. He was going to send pony money to-day, then he got your letter saying you wished to go to Heck's, and so thought best to wait till you got there and see if you wished to stay there or come home. Now don't stay, thinking it will do you good when you want to come home, because we all think you would be better to come, especially if you want to. I must have you where I can fix you up all right, so come, do, darling. I feel as though I must get a letter from you every day. When I think of there being no comforts there for you I feel as though you must get away as quickly as possible, and papa says so too.

The baby is playing around here in the room, and Clatie, Mollie and Bertha Adler are under the window making wreathes of lilac leaves. We washed today and tomorrow I look for Cordelia, Ellen, and her little kids, and I do wish you were here, lying on the bed, or doing whatever you liked, if only you were

here. Today is cold but the sunshine is beautiful. We have a good fire in the dining room, and it is comfortable. Pa, Aunt Salome and cousin Elnora went home this morning. Salome was so anxious you should come home till fall. Says this is the place for you. Take her advice, she thinks you can find no better place. Papa is so anxious about you. It is five o'clock. I will write some tomorrow and perhaps papa will, too. Take the medicine we send you but do not go to that doctor at Wakefield, and do not, on any account, take any phisic. Oh! dear, I don't know how to spell it. Now do laugh, for I am laughing. I am going to Mapleton, and I hope you will be there, or home–I prefer home. Well, good night, darling. I do hope you will rest well tonight, but you won't until you get home in your own room. Write soon to

Your loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., June 15, 1885.

Darling Petie:—

It is Sunday afternoon. Aunt Salome, cousin Elnora and papa are in the sitting room, and I stole away to my room to write a line to you. I can't keep you out of my mind at all. I sent you a line and the medicine yesterday. Papa will send the rest tomorrow and he wants you to buy a pony, too. Petie dear, don't you think it would be just as well for you to be at home and visit round among the people? Go to Truax Prairie and wherever you want to until fall,

and then go and spend the winter with Bennie, he wants you to so bad. So, if you get the pony come home with it, do, dear. Then you can ride horseback wherever you wish. When I think of your being there to Beriah's where there are so few comforts I know it is not a good place for one who isn't well.

Elnora went to California to benefit her lungs and she grew worse all the time she was there. She says since she came to Eau Claire she is gaining. She was in California fourteen months. She thinks it is nice here for her, and last night we were talking of you. She thought you would be better off here, where you could have a room by yourself, go to bed when you wished, and so I think, too. When I think of you there I feel so bad all the time. I can't be happy, dear, until I know you are comfortable. I think of you every hour in the day, and wonder how my boy is feeling. Drink milk and rice coffee, and eat plenty of beefsteak, that is good for you.

We had a letter from your doctor in Wakefield. I don't think he is much of a doctor. Pay him and let him go. We are going to send some more medicine. Cod liver oil is one good thing for you. I think of so much I could do for you if you were only at home, and oh! how I long to be with you, dear one. Now write how you feel about coming home, or would you rather I came there? Papa says he will send you a saddle, and if you want to come home sell it there.

We are all well. Love to all and write often. God bless and keep you, darling boy.

Your loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., June 16, 1885.

My Darling Boy:—

Tuesday we had another letter from you and you were still at Wakefield. Oh, how much I had hoped you would go to Mapleton. Perhaps you are there now, I do hope so, surely. This is a beautiful sunny morning and I hope it reaches there and that you are enjoying it. It seems as if a change now to Heck's would be fine for you. Don't be choring around there too much; it isn't good for you. Save your strength to get well on. I shall send a letter to each place because I don't know just where you are. We hope soon to hear that you are at Heck's.

Anna Avery has sent in an application for a position as teacher in our school. Papa will try to get her in.

Mrs. Pane was in today. She feels very much discouraged in regard to Mr. Pane, as he is no better. They think it blood poison. It seems too bad.

Well, I have made some nice doughnuts this morning; wish you were here to help eat them, with a good glass of milk. Petie, you want me to write of the little ones. They are very well. Mollie and Clatie get up about half past six and the day's work begins. Baby Abbie sleeps until nine or ten. The children dress themselves in their fashion, and after they have eaten their breakfast they begin their work. Herb generally comes as soon as his breakfast is swallowed, sometimes bringing his chicken. Usually it is here, but he has to come and see about it. Those chickens

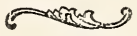
and kittens are all the world to them. Never saw anything like it, and now since Herb has one he is in it too. When school time comes they start, first coming to give mama a kiss, and always one for Petie, so far away, and Herb does the same. When school is out they are just the same, busy as bees. Sometimes baby comes trotting after them and picks up a chicken or a kitten, any way she happens to get hold of it, and then she has to put it right down again. They don't want her to hurt them, but she doesn't know how to take them up. Sometimes Florence Martin, and often Bertha Adler, come and play with them. It is really laughable to see those children. Kittens and chickens grow so fast, and its no wonder, for the children stuff them with everything they can get from the table and pantry, and they are always close to the children's heels whenever they stir out. Mollie and Clatie never think of going outside the yard except to go and meet papa, and now Herb has given it all up too. Herb's parents think he ought to take care of Ida, who is quite a big baby now, so he pulls her across the road in her little cart, and into the house, then he skips out the back door to play with the children. The Trenkles don't spend much time with their children. They want to make money in the store first of all and the little ones come second. Now I have told you how their days generally pass. They are just as busy as three little bees.

Well, we hope you will make up your mind to come

home soon, and we will all be overjoyed to see you.

"Trust in the Lord, wait patiently for Him and He will bring it to pass." Good bye, darling one.

Mother.



Bloomer, Wis., June 17, 1885.

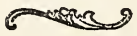
Dear Petie:—We got your letter today saying you are at Mapleton at last, and I am most heartily glad of it. Now I know you have a good, nice bed at night and don't get wet when it rains, and it is healthier sleeping up stairs than down. The air is better than lower down. Since I commenced writing I guess I have gotten up four times to do something for the children, so I haven't written much yet. But never mind; it is all right. I want to finish this and send it to the office right away so you will get it soon.

This week Mollie has made herself some underwear, all herself, and she feels very proud, too. Papa promised her a pair of slippers when the sewing was done, and she had quite a time getting them. She brought them home this forenoon, and now she is trying them on and taking them off again to see how they fit. This morning Clatie thought he would write to you, dear, and then mama wouldn't have to, but he didn't get much done, for Herbert Trankle came along, the letter writing was laid aside and they were off to play. Herb would run away in spite of all they could do, and he went to the river all the spring.

They whipped him and whipped him but it did no good. The other day he come near being drowned. He rose for the last time, and some one, I don't know who, saved him, and do you believe it, dear, the very next day he went there again. They whipped him again, and his mother came to tell me about it. She said she didn't know what in the world to do with him. Herbert thought so much of our little chickens. He and the children play with them half the time and wouldn't hurt one of them for anything. Well, one day I told him if he wouldn't run away any more I would give him a little chicken. He was delighted and ran home to tell his mother and said he wasn't going to the river any more at all, and that if the chicken was a rooster they would raise some, and have a whole lot of little chickens. We had one that the old hen wouldn't own and so I gave him that one. He got a box and kept it at home several days. Then he began carrying it back and forth all the time, and now it stays here most all the time. He says now that he is going to leave it here until fall, but he catches it and carries it around with him. It is just as tame as a kitten and grows like everything, and Herb hasn't been near the river since I gave it to him. His mother says he won't go down that way at all, and I am so glad. Petie, his mother is a good woman and his father is a good man, but dear, they both love money more than anything else in the world, and the children come second. They don't give them the warm,

earnest love that children need. Sometimes they are so severe with Herbert and Ida, and I am so sorry. His mother said to me the other day, with tears in her eyes, "Mrs. Champion, Herb thinks more of you to-day than he does of me. He says he always kisses you when he and Clate start for school." He does, because Clatie always does, and if his mother wanted him to, and it had become a habit, he would give her a good bye kiss too. He always comes early in the morning and plays around until school time. Sometimes I feel sorry for the little fellow. My children are a thousand times more dear to me than riches or anything else. Money comes good, doesn't it Pete dear? We know that so well since you have been ill, but we will get through all right, and if you are spared all is well. Good bye.

Your loving Mother.



Mapleton, Iowa, June 18, 1885.

Dear Folks:—

I received a letter from each of you this morning, and am awful glad you write every day. I am feeling better every day since I landed here Saturday.

It seems you haven't received either of my last letters. I tell you if I can only stop my disease I am sure I will gain fast.

Well, now, if we didn't have a fine ride yesterday! Heck and I hired a livery team and went out to Walt's

and ate strawberries and cream. Oh, we had a fine team. Uncle Heck has sold his horses, so we can't drive them any more.

In your letter of the sixteenth you said you had sent $30.00. It didn't come this morning. I hope you sent it to Mapleton and not to Wakefield. Send on your saddle soon. I think since I came here I have gained right along. Aunt Sadie says I look better, too. I drink milk at each meal and a glass of warm milk before going to bed. I rest very well here. I didn't sleep well at Beriah's. I caught cold there, and after that for a few days felt very miserable, but I am getting over the effects of that now. That is the reason I wrote you as I did, and I felt just as bad as I wrote, but now I am beginning to sing around and feel first rate again.

Well, I have written about all I know, so good bye. Be sure and write every day.

Your affectionate son,
Pete Champion.

Bloomer, Wis., June 19, 1885.

My darling boy:—

I am going to write to you again. Yesterday I did not write, as baby was not at all well, and I could not get her out of my arms long enough. She was feverish yesterday and all the night before, too. I think she took cold someway, as she seems all right today.

Tony has just bounded in, so I think Willie Larson is not far off. It is a little past one and I think he will come in. He always thinks of you, dear. I just told the girl to give Tony some milk and a doughnut.

We got your second letter from Mapleton yesterday. Did not get any today. Some way I feel as though you were better there than at Beriah's and how I do hope and pray you will gain now for the next four months. The weather will be warm that long, and then in the fall come home, with your horse, if you wish. Take all the time you want to come in and get Heck or Tom to come with you. If you wish to come sooner do come. I want to see you so much, my darling boy.

We knew Gene Sterns had gone to Nebraska. I thought I wrote it to you, but perhaps not.

Pete, I do hope that when you get the pony you will gain right along. You will get the money for him before you get this letter. Do get a gentle one, dear. Ride over to Beriah's if you wish to. Take your time in going. Do everything to get well. Drink ale and that will give you an appetite. Take a glass of hot milk on going to bed and you won't cough. Do you take your codliver oil now? Do write to poor Bennie if you have not done so already. He has been having such trouble with the toothache, and I guess the dear one is a little homesick, so far from home. He wants you to come out there so bad, and you and he keep house, batch it together.

Carrie French was in last evening. Her brother isn't at all well. She thinks Butte a good place for such cases I think a change in any way or any where is good. I saw Cyrus and Hattie Sterns last evening. Will Cutting is gaining right along, they say.

Well, I must send this to the office and I will enclose a letter little Mollie has worked so hard to write you. She and Clatie try to write to you and Bennie, especially to you, but they just seem to run out of news. I find letters commenced all over the house. "Dear Pete:—How are you getting along?" and then they seem at a loss to write any more, and will write, "I can't think of any more," leave off there and are away to play. The dear ones: If they could always be as well and happy as now how glad we would be, wouldn't we darling? We are hoping and praying for your recovery, dear. May the Father care for and keep you safe is the wish of

Your anxious Mother.

Dear Pete:—

We are all well and hope you are the same. We have some little chickens. I and Clate go to school. I am going out to Mrs. Tremper's to stay a week. May Fear works out there and Myrtle Smith works at our house. I went to Hattie French's tonight and stayed till half past five. Florence went too, and stayed till six o'clock. We have a new Catholic bell.

They ring it in the morning and at noon. It is very nice. I have a piece to speak the last day of school. I wish Miss Clark would stay another year. I hope she will. Well good bye Pete. Write to me, with love,

Your Sister, Mollie.

Mapleton, Iowa, June 19, 1885.

Dear Mother:—

Yesterday I received a letter and a telegram. The telegram said you sent the money, which I understood, but the "come soon" I didn't understand. If any of you are coming down here why I don't want you to think of it, because I am going to get well. Have gained a pound this week, and when I get my pony I will get well, sure.

Must get this in office, more next time.

Your loving Son,

Pete Champion.

Bloomer, Wis., June 20, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

I am going to write and the first thing ask you to go and get some pictures taken and send us some. We would be so pleased with them. Write and tell me how your clothes are, and if you are in need of any new ones. Tell us all about things. I have a cake in the oven and must go and see to it.

Have taken my cake from the oven and frosted it, I wish I could send it to you, dear. Petie, we just plan and figure about your coming home. Papa is as anxious as I am. Eat and drink all you can so as to give you strength. I will send you five dollars in this.

Baby stands here jabbering and talking in her way. She is real well.

Papa says so many are coming back that went away to get well that he thinks this is as good a place as anywhere. McRay went to Florida to get well. Has come back and is feeling better. Petie, dear, when we see others coming home we long to see you come, too. Write often.

Your loving Mother.

Mapleton, Iowa, June 21, 1885.

Dear Folks:—

I have received letters from home every day since I have been here and you bet I am glad to get them. I also received the other $35.00 O. K., and am very thankful for the same. Tomorrow Heck and I are going out to look at some ponies. I shall try them a day or so before buying.

Today is Sunday. It is cold and dreary out doors and looks like rain. Last evening before going to bed I took a nice bath and changed my clothes. I tell you I felt lots better. Heck and I hired a livery rig twice at fifty cents a piece and went to Walt's. Had a

nice time. I think I am gaining ever so much. I am taking Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam for my diarrhoea. That medicine you sent did me no good at all. Good bye. Will write more next time.

Your affectionately,
Pete Champion.

Bennie was very anxious we should bring Pete to Montana, and here is a letter he wrote.

Butte City, Montana, June 23, 1885.

Dear Mother:—

I received your letter the other day. Was very glad to hear from you and hope this will find you all well. I am very sorry that Pete is not getting any better. If he is not what is the use of his remaining there? Why not come out here and try it anyway? I know he would get better here. They all say so, too. This is not California but a far different climate. We could get him a horse, cheap, and he could ride among the mountains all the time and it seems as though he couldn't help but get well. Now, write quickly and tell me about this matter. You bring the little ones and come too and keep house for us. We can take some boarders to help pay expenses. Consider this matter well, because it is for his benefit. I will send you fifty dollars towards it.

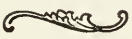
Fred is working around, hasn't any steady job.

I want you to be sure and come as soon as you can, and wish father would come too. Let me know how Pete is and if possible tell me you are coming. It seems as though Pete would get well if he would come. If he doesn't come had I better come home?

Well, good bye and write soon.

Your loving Son,
B. J. Champion.

How little he knows how bad off Petie is. He couldn't possibly start on such a journey. My heart aches as the storms gather around my family.



"When we get home from our sorrow and care,
And we stand with the angels of light,
Oh; what a meeting in heaven there'll be
In that land without shadow or night.
When we get home to the mansions above
With the loved ones gone over before,
Oh; who can tell what a joy that will be
There to live and rejoice evermore."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Welcome that sweet day of rest."

Bloomer, Wis., June 23, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

It is Tuesday morning and I am again writing to you, my boy. This writing is a poor way to visit, but better than not hearing from each other. How I wish you were at home this morning, still if you are gaining I feel better about you, dear. It is a lovely morning, sun is shining so brightly, and it is so cool and quiet.

We had a letter from Bennie yesterday and Petie, how anxious he is you should come there, and I and the little ones also. He says he would rent a good house and we could get some boarders that would pay all expenses. He thinks that far the best thing to do. Mrs. Cobbin is going out and wants us to go with her. Some think the farther west the better. Clatie has so many colds—perhaps it would do him good too. Bennie is so anxious for us to come. God helps those that help themselves and I am more than willing to do anything to have you well again. I hope He will direct our pathways aright.

It is eleven a. m. I have just dressed baby and Florence and Mollie have taken her out. She was all in white and she did look so pretty walking between them, they leading her. Florence has been here an hour waiting for her to wake up. It is baby's birthday and of course a great day for the children. Yesterday was Amanda Thompson's birthday and they had a big supper. They got a wagon load of boys and

girls and took them down there. Mollie and Clatie went too. Only wish you were home. Would make a big strawberry shortcake in honor of you and also for baby's birthday. You can call your horse and saddle a birthday present from dear papa. Get on the pony and come home, darling. It seems it would do you good to come home. Don't forget to take that chamois skin from your lungs, as papa says it isn't healthy to have it so near the flesh and it is so very warm. Papa says leave it off entirely until cold weather. Drink ale if it will give you an appetite.

Well, darling, we leave you in the care of the dear Heavenly Father, hoping He will do all things well for you. Heaven's blessings be with you. Write often. Good bye.

Your loving Mother.

Mapleton, Iowa, June 24, 1885.

Dear Folks:—

I received the papers and a letter from father last night. Have received a letter from mother every day. There wasn't much news in the Workman, was there?

Well, dear folks, I bought a pony this morning. I had tried three or four, but couldn't find any that just suited me until today. Heck and I were sitting here at home, reading, when a man rode up on a pony and wanted to know if we knew where he could sell a pony.

Of course we tried him and then I went up town and paid the fellow and we put the horse in the barn.

June 25--Well, I will try and finish this now. My pony is a dandy. He is gray, about ten years old, weighs about six hundred pounds, and is very gentle. Last night he slipped his halter over his head and got loose. The horses all got to kicking and he was kicked a little, but it didn't hurt him much.

I am feeling much better every day. We have been having some damp days and I don't like that kind of weather. I have quit drinking tea and coffee and drink milk all the time.

Write soon, love to each of you. Good bye,

Pete.

Bloomer, Wis. June 25, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

Yesterday mama didn't write. Was so busy all the forenoon, and in the afternoon Mrs. Allen Smith came and took a load of ladies out to her house for dinner. It was for the Missionary Society. I took the baby, as the girl and Mollie and Clatie went strawberrying. They didn't get a pint, but they had a nice outing. Mollie ate so many berries she was sick. This morning at half past eight I find myself writing to my loved one. In your letter we received yesterday you say you are feeling better. I thank God for that, and I do hope you will keep on gaining. Take good care of yourself in every way, dear.

Willie Larson took tea with us the other evening. He thinks Butte would be a good place for you to winter in. He says it is so much warmer the other side of the mountain that you can feel the change very plainly. Well, Petie, I hope when you get a pony you will come home with him. We have had another letter from Bennie, and he is so anxious we should come out there. It is rainy weather, and we had a fire in the dining room stove all day Sunday. Do you write to Aunt Mate? Do. Mollie has just got up. She was so tired last night. O, if you were only here! Write often. Good bye, my darling boy.

Your loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., June 28, 1885.

Well, Petie darling, Mollie has been writing to you and I will finish it. Soon it will be the Fourth. I do wish you and Bennie could be at home with us, but I suppose it is not possible. Papa got a team and took us all out riding yesterday afternoon. The children all thought it was fine. All the girls say baby looks exactly like Pete and I think so too.

I hope you rest well nights. Do write us all the particulars about yourself. Are you gaining? Clatie has just gone to bed. He came and gave me two kisses, one for you and one for me. God bless and keep him as pure and sinless as he is now. Well, dear, do right in all things and I do feel as though the Heavenly Father would bless and make you well again. Good bye, darling. Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., June 29, 1885.

Dear Pete:—

The church bells are ringing. I have just finished a letter to Bennie, and now a short one to you, dear, and then I am through for today. Mollie and I were going to church this evening but papa hasn't his chores done yet so I think we won't go. If papa were ready he would stay with Clatie and baby. It was communion service at church this morning and there were a good many out. We all went.

We have so many strawberries now on that bed I set out last summer. Clatie thinks it must be fine for you to own a pony. He would be so glad to see you, darling, and so would we all. When shall we, dear? As long as you are gaining I will try and be content. God bless and keep you gaining. Do all you can to get well, and write often to us, dear. Good bye.

Your ever loving Mother.

Mapleton, Iowa, June 30, 1885.

Dear Folks:—

I receive a letter, or letters, from home every day.

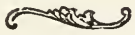
Two doctors have tried to cure my diarrhoea and now the third is trying it. I guess he is going to have better luck, but you see all these things cost something.

I use Heck's saddle. I don't know what I will do when I want to come home. Maybe I can buy it, but I don't hardly know; Heck thinks so much of it. Say, I can get all wool underwear for $2.00 a suit. They

are lighter than my flannels. My, they are hot these days! Don't you think I had better buy a couple of suits?

Well next Saturday is the Fourth. Aunt Sarah wants to know how Aunt Deal is. I will write more next time.

Your dutiful son,
Pete Champion.



Bloomer, Wis., July 1, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

We got your letter today and you are no better! Oh! Petie how that does trouble me. How I wish you were strong enough to get on that jolly pony of yours and come home, if you came ever so slowly. It would be all right if you came only a few miles a day. Come the way you would enjoy it the most. I wish Heck would get a horse and come with you, or else put your horse on a buggy and come, too. Start when the weather is warm and nice Soon the warm days will pass and then you will have to go somewhere where it is warmer to spend the winter. Papa thinks you just as well off here as long as the warm weather lasts, and I think so, too. Papa says if you should start with the horse and you got tired put him on the train, jump on it yourself and come the rest of the way in that way. It seems that would be nice, wouldn't it? And if Heck is with you all the better. I should feel all right about you then, and the change would do you both good. Surely you must be doing something before long, dear, to be-

in gaining. Don't eat fresh vegetables, dear. I fear they are not good for you. I do feel as though if I were with you, or you with me I could cure you up so easily, but perhaps I couldn't. I want you to come home, darling. You could go down on the prairie and visit whenever you felt like it and come home just when you pleased. Well, I hope God will direct you in all things in a wise and good way, and at last make you victorious over disease, and bring you out a strong, healthy fellow. I think that flax-seed is a good drink, and it is very healing and strengthening. We would do everything we could if you were only here. Take your horse and come, if it is on the cars.

We sent a book for you to look at, and if you think best get some of the medicine and try it. Cordelia brought it up and someway we have faith in it, and perhaps it might help you. It won't hurt you anyway. Cordelia feels as anxious as we do about you. See what kind and loving friends you have, thinking and praying for you, my darling. I look anxiously for your loving letters and feel so anxious about you. It seems as though if you were only here at home it would be the greatest blessing we could have, and to care for you would be a joy indeed. We would just love to wait upon you, dear. Home is the place for sick people, I think, and what a pleasure for papa and me. He begins to feel so anxious to see you and have you at home, and I wish he could. He said the other day he longed to see you, and Isaid I wished

he could go down there, but he thought it would be better for you to come home, dear.

Willie Larson came today to board. Cordelia sits here sewing. What would I do without her? Well, I must soon say good bye. We went to a strawberry festival last night. The young folks got it up to try and get money for a furnace in the church. Won't that be nice? They took in twenty dollars. We have lots of strawberries yet.

What do you think of Bennie's letter? Dear boy! How anxious he is for you and will do all he can for you, won't he? With great love for yourself I am as ever. Your Loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., July 2, 1885.

Dear Peite:—

Soon it will be the Fourth, and you and Bennie so far from home. Baby is quite ill with a cold and was croupy last night. Dont see where she got such a cold. One day it is warm and the next rainy and cold so one can hardly keep from getting cold.

Aunt Cordelia is here yet and is going to stay until tomorrow. She says it seems as though she could be so happy this summer if you were only well. She seems to sympathize with everybody. She has made little Mollie a dress, and is going to make baby one. and then I suppose she will be ready to return home,

She is always helping someone. Sowing seeds of kindness!

There are lots of blueberries now, would send down a bushel but the weather is so damp and warm am afraid they would spoil before they got there. Mrs. Tremper was in. Said she wanted to see you so much and when you came home she wanted you to spend a week, or just as long as you wanted to, with them. Will Larson brought his trunk this morning. He is a dear, good fellow. I send five dollars to Sarah for a little present.

Must close. I long to see your dear face so much, so much! when can I? If you want to come home put your horse on the train and come as fast as the train will bring you, darling. What a joyful house it will be when you come. None knows only the Father in heaven. Good bye, my dear one. Hope you will sleep sweetly tonight. Write often.

Your Loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., July 6, 1885,

Dear Petie:—

I don't know today whether you are at Beriah's or at Heck's I trust you are at Mapleton where you are more comfortable. I am so anxious to hear you are there and feeling better, and I think you will when you have a good place to rest. Get all the rest you

can, dear. Go to bed early and lie as long in the morning as you feel like it. It has been a week of great anxiety here at home for us, and papa feels as bad as any of us. We are both anxious you should come home and stay this summer while you can, because through the winter you will probably go to some warmer climate. I hope you will go where Bennie is. Mary says Montana is a nice place for people who are not well. I hope we will trust God and that He will lead and guide you into perfect health. I am trying to trust Him and praying daily for you, my darling. It seems you hadn't received our telegram, or last letter. We felt so anxious to hear today that you were at Mapleton, but no letter came, and now we must wait until Monday without hearing any news from you, dear. Then I do hope we may hear good news. Papa says, "tell Pete we are anxious to see him coming." I am not feeling very well, have a cold on my lungs, but hope to feel better in a few days. Papa and baby have just been out for a walk. We all love baby so much. The girls come in often and have great plays with her.

Papa says to drink that ale three times a day, and put an egg in it if you can take it so. Says it will strengthen you and give you a rousing appetite.

Business is booming in Bloomer You won't know the place when you come home Well, I must close. God bless and keep my boy is the wish and prayer of

dear Mother. Write often. We are so anxious about you. Good bye, darling.

Mapleton, Iowa., June 12, 1885.

Dear Parents:—

I received a letter from each of you yesterday. Was glad to hear that you were all as well as usual. I did not get any letter at all the day before. I am feeling pretty good now. I think I am gaining strength. My appetite is good and my diarrhoea is checking right along since I quit taking medicine. I took many kinds and none of them did any good, but they all had to be paid for. I am not going to doctor any more, am just going to be careful what I eat.

Aunt Sade is not feeling well this morning, and I am sure she looks bad, too. Heck had to do up the work this morning.

I commenced to keep a diary Saturday. Don't know whether I can keep it up or not. Can't think of any more to write, so good bye.

Your affectionate son.

PETE.

Bloomer, Wis., July 12, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

Today is the twelfth. The month is nearly half gone and soon fall will be here again. How fast the

weeks and months are passing away. Now Pete darling, what do you think of doing? Papa thinks you are intending to come home on horseback, and we think that might be too hard for you. Do write and tell us your plans. Do you surely think you are gaining?

Last night Merritt French was in here to borrow a book to read over Sunday. Pete, I think a good deal of that boy, someway, don't you? He talked of you and wondered why you didn't answer his letter.

I do hope we can get your dear little pony here someway. I hate to have you leave him there. You know Beriah's boys said Heck was awful on a horse. I don't believe he is any worse than Tom, do you? You don't answer the innumerable questions I ask, do you? I ask so many I suppose you don't know where to begin. Papa says he would like to know when you are coming, and how. Do tell us your plans, dear.

Mollie says to tell you she has a beautiful little black chicken. I never saw children think so much of chickens, never. They carry them around from morning till night and then go and put them to bed. Herb is just as bad as they are; all the time playing with the chickens and kittens. We do laugh at them sometimes. Clatie went up stairs after dinner and went to sleep on his bed. Hasn't woke up yet and it is six o'clock. He often lies down in the afternoon and falls asleep. He looks rather thin and pale this summer. Mollie looks pretty well. Both are my sweethearts,

and papa seems to have a strong claim on them too, the darlings.

We had a blueberry shortcake for dinner. I wish you and Bennie could have been here and eaten with us. Papa has gone to milk, and baby is crying for him. Dear little one, I will go and take her. Now Pete, do tell us your plans. You must know we would be glad to plan and share with you, so tell us, dear. Petie, your little dog Fido won't stay at home, but stays at Mr. Martin's all the time. Papa doesn't know what to do with him. The children miss him too, they loved him so dearly, but they are so busy with the chickens and kittens that they don't feel quite so bad as they would without them to amuse them. Clatie has just woke up. He says to tell Pete to come home and bring his pony, sure. We have had two hard electric storms today and now it is clear and everything looks beautiful. Well, Petie tomorrow is Monday, and I am going to try and get up early and get my washing out. I have that little Dutch girl yet. She isn't so very much account. I wish I could get along alone, but I get so dreadfully tired when I have everything to do.

Gertie will be married next Wednesday, and will leave her dear, girlhood home and go to Chicago to live. I think she will be homesick many times.

Well, it is getting dark, and I will close and say good bye, darling. Write as often as you feel able to. I hope and pray you will get better. Come

whenever you wish. Papa will send money often. Papa doesn't seem to feel as well as he usually does. The children send love and kisses in abundance. Well, good bye, dear.

Your loving Mother.

Bloomer, Wis., July 16, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

You know mama worries a good deal about you, and is so anxious to see you and get an idea of her own how you are getting along, so we have concluded that she must come down. She is intending to start tomorrow and leave on the first train out of Eau Claire Monday. Don't let her coming worry you, for she must come or she won't live much longer, so be rejoiced and let her come. It will do you good and her too, and then you can consult together what it is best to do, and how you can get home. All the folks are anxious to see you.

Well, will say good bye, hoping soon to see you, my boy. Yours,

Father.

Bloomer, Wis., July 18, 1885.

Dear Petie:—

We got your letter today saying you were feeling fine. I am glad to hear it, but I have been expecting it. Whenever your bowels get better you will gain

right along, and I tell you what, I think that medicine is going to help you, boy. Don't you? You take good care of yourself and you are going to come out all right. Mama will postpone her coming, and if you feel well enough to go over to Beriah's for a short visit, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't. Are you able to stand the racket over there? If you want to go, do so, my boy. Perhaps you and Heck could hitch up your new "hoss" and drive over for a short time, then you could tell if you would like to come home that way. Take your wraps and a good umbrella along to protect you from the rains.

Will enclose post office order for twenty dollars. Well, be sharp and don't get cheated in bargains. Be making arrangements to come home. Good bye,

Your affectionate Father,

J. B. Champion.

Bloomer, Wis., July 28, 1885.

Dear Pete:—

Yours of the 25th at hand today at noon. I enclose ten dollars.

I hope you will not leave Heck's until next week, for mama and Clate are coming down next Monday to look you over and see how you are getting along. She may go over with you, anyway she is going to run down and see you, so you stay at Heck's until she comes. You can have a good visit and go over to-

gether. I think that would be nice, so don't go, my dear boy, until next week.

Your affectionate father.

J. B. Champion.

Petie did not gain after July, and on August 10th started for home with his pony. My daily prayer was that I might be able to stand the storms washing against my frail bark.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Canan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

The following are some of his last letters home, written while he was on the way.

Estherville, Iowa, Aug. 14, 1885.

Dear Parents:—

Here we are, and feeling good, but only a dollar left. We are ten miles from Guy's uncle's and will be there this noon. We have come one hundred and twenty miles already. Will have to stay with Guy's folks until you send us $15.00. Send it to Sherbon, Martin Co., Minnesota, by return mail, sure.

My feet don't swell at all now. We have had a

double room every night but one, then we couldn't get it. Are having lots of fun every day. Pony keeps fat. Send money sure, right off.

Your affectionate son,

P. J. Champion.

Sherbon, Minn., Aug. 19, 1885.

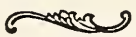
Dear folks:—

We were up town this morning and got the draft, and your letters. I had quite a time getting it cashed as there is no bank here. Was glad you wrote letters also. These are very fine people at Guy's uncle's. Yesterday afternoon we went hunting, a wagon load of us, and got lots of chickens and ducks.

Well, I guess we will get through all right, don't you? We are going to go to Waseca, as it is right on our road, and cross the river at Wabasha. This is all I can write tonight, only that we will be on the road again tomorrow. I shall write nearly every day, anyhow, to you.

Your affectionate and afflicted son,

P. J. Champion.



Bloomer, Wis., Aug. 24, 1885.

Darling Bennie:—It is Sunday, 2 p. m. Baby and I are here alone as the family has all gone to the funeral of Mr. Pane, who at last passed away and

ceased to suffer. The church is full, I think, and many out of doors. He is buried under the services of the United Workmen Order. It doesn't seem to me I would want any of my friends buried in that way. Papa has belonged to that Order about six months. Mr. Pane's life was well insured, but I know they would much rather he had been left with them. The whole family thought so much of him. I have been there so many times that I know.

We had a letter from you yesterday, and you wanted to know what we thought about you coming home after Pete. Papa read it and said he thought you had better come home, as we do not know at present about poor Pete. Surely, if he isn't much better than when I left him in Iowa I shall never consent to his going any farther from home. If he is taken care of as he should be he is better off at home. Ben, I tell you I sometimes think he hasn't had much care this summer. Poor Aunt Sade was as good to him as she could be, but he wouldn't ask for things he wanted, that I know. Bennie, when I was there he wouldn't even lie down on the bed without my sitting by him, and Oh! how he had changed. One day, two weeks ago today I was sitting by his bed holding his dear hand when he began to cry and tell me how lonely he had been. My heart was nearly breaking when I thought how anxious we had been that he should come home, but he thought it might help him by staying, but it didn't. I told him God could help him get well, only trust him, that was

all we could do. Oh! Bennie, may God help him to get well yet. He writes that he is gaining, that his feet are not bloated at all, and that the hoarseness is not as bad. He will be home the last of the week, thank God, if nothing happens. I hope that with good care he will gain. Papa says our house is so warm that he is far better off here, with me to care for him.

Now, Bennie dear, lay by your money and always have some on hand. It will soon be a year, my dear boy, since you went from home, and how I should like to see your dear face again and hear your familiar voice among us! But perhaps you can do better there, and so I try hard to get reconciled to your absence.

Papa and little ones send warmest kisses and bundles of love. Write often to

Lonely Mother.

Here is my darling boy's last letter, a very short one, and they reached home a few days afterward.

Waseca, Minn., Aug. 24, 1885.

Dear folks:–

We arrived here Saturday afternoon, and found everybody as well as usual. I am feeling good. I took a bath yesterday and put on one of Joe's lung protectors. We will be home in a few days.

I can't think of anything more to write so good day.

Your son,

P. J. Champion.

Bloomer, Wis., Aug. 28, 1885.

Dear Bennie:-

Yesterday, after I got your letter, I was going to answer right away, but just as I was ready to write Mrs. McMartin came in, and before she left Mrs. Cobbin came in to bid me good bye and to see what I wanted to send you, darling. Well, I sent you a book I bought for Petie last Christmas. I gave three dollars for it. He thought it was nice, but now the dear boy can't read at all, it hurts his head and tires him so bad, so I send it to you. Ben, it has some beautiful poems in it. How it has pleased Mollie to have me read them to her and Clatie. Yes, there are some very nice pieces in it, and Bennie, I would cover it and always keep it nice. I told Mrs. Cobbin to kiss you for every one of us. I looked at her and thought that in a few days she would see you face to face and me so far, far away, and when she had gone I just had a good cry. Well, Mrs. Cobbin is a dear, good woman, that I know, and I love her. We have had many good visits.

Bennie, you didn't say if you got baby's pictures, did you? Peter Avery came up Friday and is going to stay until he gets homesick. I hope he will stay a long time, he is such a dear good boy. It is nice for him to have a vacation. Bennie, be kind to Fred. You say he is back. It pays to be kind to everybody. Life will be the smoother for it, and you can think you did what was right.

This week is teachers' examination. Anna is com

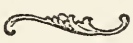
ing up to attend and Grace is coming with her. I hope Anna will teach here and then she will board with us. The principal is a man from Iowa, a Mr. Adams. I hope he will be a good teacher.

Katy Van Loon was in yesterday, and Ryan, too. He looks bad, poor boy. Well Bennie, you say you looked for a letter long ago. I thought I wrote so often lately since I don't write to dear Petie every day. It seems so strange. We wrote to him when he was laying over to get rested up. It costs three dollars a day for him to come. He thinks the world of his pony and wouldn't have it misused for any thing. Bennie dear, write often to poor mother, and do pray for dear Petie. He needs the prayers of all his friends. My heart aches, thinking of him. May he be spared to us. Can I be reconciled to anything else? God help me to be submissive to His will. Don't forget to write. With great love,

Your anxious Mother.

Petie reached home the 2nd of September, worn out with the long journey. He could not speak out loud, and never did again. Physicians and every one did all that was possible, but he grew weaker every day. A few days before he died he wanted the higher life explained. I did the best I could, with tears streaming down

my cheeks. He told me that all was well with him, and he was at peace with all the world. He often asked me to sing to him, and said he wished he could sing too. The morning he died he asked me to sing. How could I, but I did. I sang:



"Savior, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Every day and every hour
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy Tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.
Let me love Thee more and more
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is 'oer,
Till my soul is lost in love
In a brighter, brighter world above."

He passed away peacefully at nine o'clock. It seemed my heart was breaking. He gave himself entirely to God and went with a hope in Christ. I know my darling boy is safe with Jesus, and there I leave him till the Master calls us to meet him in the better land. Why cannot I give him

up more resignedly? but oh, it seems so hard, so hard!

The kind and loving acts of our friends will ever be remembered. I cannot write any more of these sad days, except to copy what was in the paper.

Died—Peter Champion, second son of J. B. and Isabell Champion, in this village, September 28th, 1885, at the age of eighteen years, three months and nineteen days.

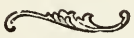
The deceased was a bright, moral, high minded, honest young man, and at the time he was taken sick, about a year ago, he was holding an important position in the bank of C. D. Tillinghast. But that fell disease, consumption, attacked him, and his health declined so rapidly that he resigned his clerkship in the bank, and went with his mother to Nebraska, thinking a change of climate would perhaps restore him to health. His mother returned home, leaving him in Nebraska, but as he continued to grow worse she returned to bring him back. He concluded to drive back with a horse and buggy, thinking the trip might be beneficial to his declining health. A boy of his own age came with him to minister to all his wants. He made the long journey, growing weaker and weaker as he neared his beloved home, where anx-

ious loved ones were waiting for him. Still, with that indomitable will power peculiar to consumptive diseases, he held up, but when he arrived the disease had greatly emaciated his form, and his voice was so far gone he could hardly speak above a whisper. Everything was done for him that money and loving parents could do, but it seemed of no use, and last Monday morning the crisis came that he had been wishing for, and a good christian boy passed to the higher life.

The funeral services were held at the residence of his parents, and the remains taken to Lake View cemetery, near Truax Prairie.

Pete was a warm hearted, congenial young man, and by the continual kind acts of his life he drew around him the friendship and sympathy of the people of our entire village.

To his good and bereaved parents, through the columns of The Workman, we extend the sympathy of our entire community.



A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

It was past the hour of midnight,
The morning was drawing near;
She sat alone by the bedside
Of the one to her so dear.

He had rested so well in the evening,
His breath being easy and clear.
Death never does give us warning,
Not even a sound to the ear!

He was ready, and willing and waiting
To hear when the summons might come;
And when God's angels called him
He knew that his work was done.

His passing away was peaceful
As one who is falling asleep;
Asleep! Yes, asleep in Jesus,
That sleep so blessed and sweet.

He had passed from this grief stricken earth
To the bright home of Jesus instead;
And she sat there alone by the bedside,
Alone with God—and her dead.

It was hard for her to lose him
But she mourned not hopelessly;
For God was her constant companion,
Yes, and He ever will be.

She will pray and wait and labor
Until her life work is done;
Then God will send His angel
To call her to meet her own."

Mr. and Mrs. Champion:—

Dear friends:

My heart is with you in your great sorrow. Only the Great Physician can heal such grief. May you both find Him a very present help in this your time of trouble.

One less tie to bind you to earth, one more link to draw you heavenward.

Yours in sympathy
F. A. McCauly.

There are many pleasant things I might tell you of brother Pete, of whom I have been saying much, but I find that my eyes will not permit me to copy all these old writings, and besides I am getting so tired. You may think, children. that it was a foolish undertaking to copy them, but somehow I couldn't burn them up after keeping them so many years, although now at seventy I cannot copy them as they should be, that I know. So, dear children, overlook all mistakes and forget the blunders. Remember mama was young when first she commenced writing, and now is too old to do it good. They are the writings of a young mother who loved her children dearly, and wanted to do right, but perhaps made many mistakes. If this book brings

back childhood's days it may be a comfort to you, my dears. That is all I ask.

Little Mollie was sick when Petie died, and afterwards was very nervous for some time. She and Clatie were such funny little tots. We had two little chicks whose mother had died. Mollie and Clatie mothered them in good shape. They carried them around for several days. Finally the chicks began to know them and tagged them from morning till night. The children rocked them, and fed them, until they grew like the weeds in the garden. About five at night they would run after the children and peep until they put them to bed in an old tin pan with a cloth in it, and covered them up. and that would be the last we would hear of them until the next morning. Soon they grew to be great big hens, and what could I do? If the children were in the house, they were. Well, one night after the children were in bed Jerome made way with the hens, and we had them in a kettle the next day. The children didn't seem to feel as bad as I had feared they would, for they had some little kittens up stairs, and stayed up there half the time playing with them. They were always so kind to everything like that. and I am so

glad they were. I tried to teach them to be kind to all animals, and they will be, I am sure. When the two kittens grew to be quite big I gave one of them away. When Mollie came home from school she felt so bad she cried and cried, and was really feverish and sick. The next morning I went up to the lady's house and got the kitten and brought it back home. Little Mollie was so happy to get her kitty again, and I think the kitten was nearly as glad as she was.

I am very tired, and can't write any more now, so good bye. Mother.

"Passing away like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Shall I be missed if another succeed me
Reaping the fields I in springtime have sown?
No, for the sower may rest from his labors
Only remembered by what he has done."

At the time of Petie's death papa wrote a letter to his sister Mina. I wanted a copy of the letter so much, that, without telling

him I was going to, I wrote Mina to send it to me. Mina said she liked the letter so much because it was written when he was so sad and troubled.

Dear sister Bell:—

I was so glad to hear from you and am sorry I have neglected answering Jerome's letter so long. Will answer it soon. Oh! Bell! how sorry I am for you and him. I know that both of you will cast your burdens on the Lord. He can strengthen and comfort you as no other can.

We are all well. Will send the copy. Love to all. Good bye.

Mina Webb.

Bloomer, Wis., Nov. 22,, 1885.

Dear sister and family:—

Yours of the 3rd inst. was received in due time. Perhaps I should have written to you and Em instead of to father, but I thought the one letter would inform you all of our great sorrow. It was a great loss to us. Petie was his mother's idol and his father's joy. In him it seemed she had centered her hopes and affection, and it may be this is why he was taken. She loves us all as well as a wife and dear mother can, still he seemed to just suit her. He was a bright, promising boy, and we had hoped and expected much

for his future, but "Death loves a shining mark!" Everybody loved Pete. He was gentle and kind to all, and we have so many, so many kind friends who mourn with us. We deeply feel our loss, and yet we can point to families among our acquaintances who have been called upon to pass through the same trying ordeal within the past two years with the same disease. One young boy in Eau Claire, about Pete's age, who had everything done for him that money could do, but of no avail. As a last resort he was sent to Florida, where he died, away from home and friends.

We feel so thankful Petie came home when he did. We kept writing to him to come, and sent him money, but it seemed his idea was that if he came by land he would improve his health. Bell went after him as a last resort, but could not prevail on him to come by rail, so he started from his uncle Heck's at Mapleton, Iowa on the 10th day of August. His outfit was a nice Indian pony, about like Dell's, a gig that was not as comfortable as it should have been for a sick boy, and boy about his own age, whose acquaintance he had made while there. He was a good boy, and made all as comfortable as possible, but it would have been a hard trip for a well man.

They drove up to the state line between Iowa and Minnesota, where the boy, whose name is Guy Everette, has an uncle living, and here they stopped four days and rested. In this short journey Pete improved, and while there seemed to enjoy himself so

much. Perhaps thinking he was coming home was a joy untold.

The next stop they made was at Waseca, Minnesota, where Joe Truax's children live, and here they stayed four days too, and from here Pete grew worse. In coming to Waseca it began to rain, and as it was Saturday, and the Truax boys were old friends of Pete's, they would have liked to have him remain with them until it cleared up. He did not want to lay up, so they drove six or eight miles in the rain and he took cold. They stayed over four days and started again, but the weather had changed to colder, and the pleasure in the trip, if there could be any, had gone. They arrived home on the second day of September, and were obliged to ride four or five miles in the rain again. He could not speak loud and never did again. He was some hoarse all the journey through. It made my heart ache when I saw him so changed from what he was when he left home on the 20th of April with his dear mother, so confident the Nebraska air would cure him. He had wasted away terribly, and nothing but his will power ever brought him home in that way.

For a few days he seemed to improve. We did all we could, and physicians too, but of no avail. Our old family physician from Eau Claire came, and he frankly told us there was no hope for him, and that when cold weather came there would be a change. I knew then, dear sister, what that change would be. He rode out a few times at first, and did everything,

but nothing seemed to do any good. He grew weaker and weaker, and finally did not go out at all, but was confined to his bed only a few days. September 25th he gave up and told his mother he could not hold out much longer, and appeared anxious for the time to draw near, and would ask how long she thought it would be. Saturday he wanted us to send for aunt Mate, he wanted to see her. The children always thought everything of her, so I telegraphed for her, and Sunday she and Tom's wife came up. He still coughed considerable but didn't raise much, he seemed too weak. He seemed to be afraid to swallow, as sometimes he would choke, but at the end he passed away so peacefully, just went to sleep, conscious to the last, recognizing and speaking to us all, and bidding us good bye. He died a christian, and if there is any salvation for mortals of this world Pete will have it.

Dear sister, we have passed through this trouble before, when loved ones passed down the dark river, but never has my heart gone out after them as it did now. They went in infancy. Pete was older and wanted to live. He had hopes and aspirations and was taken in his youth. Why, oh! why was it so?

We sent for Bennie to come, and are thankful he was at home. He is going to work in Eau Claire, Mollie and Clate are well. Bell is not very well, and has not been since Pete's sickness. Oh! how dear he always was to her. It seems to me now that she cannot

live without him. I fear for her so much, she has grown so awfully thin and pale. I pray she may stay. What would we do without her.

Love to all, Good bye,
Your brother,
JEROME CHAMPION.

This was recited by Mollie when twelve years old, at the public hall in Bloomer. The house was well filled. They were giving an entertainment for the Temple of Honor. It was a great success. She was greatly praised for doing so well. Every word was plainly heard throughout the hall.

"In a dark and dismal alley,
Where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy,
Sickly, delicate, and lame;
He had never yet been healthy,
But had lain since he was born,
Dragging out his weak existence
Well nigh hopeless and folorn.
He was six, was little Tommy;
'Twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him,
And the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort
Of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses
Made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar
From the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated,
Naught to make his dull life bright;
Not a single friend to love him,
Not a living thing to love—
For he knew not of a Savior,
Or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet, summer evening;
And the alley, too, was still;
'Tommy's little heart was sinking,
And he felt so lonely, till
Floating up the quiet alley,
Wafted inward from the street,
Came the sound of some one singing,
Sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen
As the singing nearer came—
Oh! that he could see the singer!
How he wished he wasn't lame.!
Then he called and shouted loudly,
Till the singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued
Soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and ragged,
Hair unkempt, and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged,
Her appearance far from neat;

"So yer called me," said the maiden,
"Wonder wot yer wants o' me?
Most folks call me Singing Jessie;
Wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple
And I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—
Sing me something, anything"
Jessie laughed, and answered, smiling
"I can't stay here very long.
But I'll sing a hymn to please you,
Wot I calls the "Glory Song."

Then she sang to him of heaven,
Pearly gates and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children
Are not starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness
Never can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus
Is their Sovereign and Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten
As he drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—
Was it true, what he had heard?
And so, anxiously he asked her,
"Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle
Down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen;
Why, its up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Savior,
Yer shall go there when you die."
"Then," said Tommy; "tell me, Jessie,
How can I the Savior love,
When I'm down in this ere cellar,
And he's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden
Who had heard at Sunday School.
All about the way to heaven,
And the Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple, Tommy,
How to love and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus,"
Kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar,
Which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children
In the streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness
Of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom
Could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! If I could only see it,"
Thought the cripple as he lay,
"Jessie said that Jesus listens
And I think I'll try and pray;"

So he put his hands together,
And he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest,
Sent this message to the skies.

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me,
As I did't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples
Who is weak and very poor;
And I never heard of heaven
Till that Jessie came today
And told me all about it,
So I wants to try and pray.

You can see me, can't yer Jesus?
Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it,
For it seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved you,
I should see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven
That is up beyond the sky.

Lord, I'm only just a cripple,
And I'm no use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper
She'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes;
And I feel so lonely, too;
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus,
Up to heaven along o' you?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient
And I'd never cry or fret;
And your kindness to me, Jesus,
I would surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of,
And would never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner,
Where I'll watch the other boys?

Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus,
Something seems to tell me so,
For I feel so glad and happy,
And I do so want to go;
How I long to see yer, Jesus,
And the children all so bright.
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus?
Come and fetch me home tonight;"

Tommy ceased his supplications.
He had told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer
Till his head began to tire;
Then he turned towards his corner,
And lay huddled in a heap,
Closed his little eyes so gently,
And was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer
Could have seen his little face,
As he lay there in the corner,
In that damp and noisome place;

For his countenance was shining
  Like an angel's, fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar
  With a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus
  From a ragged, singing girl;
He might well have wondered,
  Pondered, till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it,
  And believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Savior,
  And His kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother
  Came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered that his features
  Wore a look of sweetest joy;
And she shook him somewhat roughly,
  But the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children
  In the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered,
  And the angel Death had come
To remove him from his cellar
  To his bright and heavenly home;
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness
  Never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternally,
  His Sovereign and his Friend."

THE TWO GLASSES.

"There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Says the glass of wine to the paler brother;
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight
Where I was king I ruled in might.
From the head of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down.

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame,
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
"I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail.

I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, behold, how great you be.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all."
"Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched, of brows I've laved;
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've saved;
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down
the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropt from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile
with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are the better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its pale brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim."

Author unknown.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Be not among wine bibbers, for the drunkard shall come to poverty and drowsiness shall come upon him.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.

About twenty-five years ago a gentleman delivered a temperance lecture in our town, and at the close he recited a poem, entitled, "The Rum Seller's Dream." It made such an impression upon a friend of mine sitting in the audience that he was able to repeat the greater part of it. In a few places where he could not remember the exact wording he expressed the ideas in his own words. I have never seen it in print, and do not know who is the author, but as his remembrance of it seems to me to be a wonderful feat of memory I will give it here.

THE RUM-SELLER'S DREAM.

"The rum seller sat by his bar-room fire,
His feet were as high as his head and higher;
And he watched the smoke as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Veiling his face in its fleecy fold
As lazily up from his lips it rolled;
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.
To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled, his guests had gone,
To wake in the morning, with a drunkard's pain,
With a trembling hand and reeling brain.

Drowsily on the air broke the watchman's cry;
'Past twelve o'clock and a cloudy sky,
But our host sat silent yet, and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look;
'Ho! Ho!', said he, in a chuckling tone,
'I know the way the thing is done!
Twice five are ten, and another five,
Two ones, two two's, and a ragged three
Make twenty four, for a well filled fob.
On the whole its a good night's job.
The fools have drunk my brandy and wine—
Much good it may do them, their cash is mine.

There is Brown, what a jolly dog is he!
And he sprees it the way I like to see;
Let him go it a while at this reckless rate,
Dropped in my pocket from time to time,
Dollar by dollar, and dime by dime.

I've a mortgage now on Tompkin's lot,
What a fool he was to become a sot.
But its luck to me—and in a month or so
I shall foreclose,—and the scamp must go.
Zounds! Won't his wife have a 'taking on'
When she finds their house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh,
But business is business, what care I?

And Tom Bain murdered his wife, they say,
Why, he was drunk as a fool here yesterday,
And I warned the brute—As I went to fill
His jug, but the fool would have his will,
And folks blame me—Why, curse their eyes,
If I had not sold him, he'd got it at Bly's,
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And if men get drunk, and go home to turn
Their wives out doors, its their own concern.

But I hate to have women coming here
With their silly complaints and maudlin tears,
With their swollen eyes and haggard looks,
And their speeches learned from temperance books
With their lean pale children, whimpering fools;
Why don't they send them to public schools?
I have a license to sell brandy and wine;
Let people look to their interest—I will to mine.
If 'tis wrong to sell whisky, brandy and gin,
Why don't law makers declare it a sin?

If I pay for a license I've a right to sell,
Tho it depopulates earth and peoples hell;
If rum selling is lawful, and fools will drink,
The joke is on them—not me I think;
And I will turn no customer away,
Who is willing to buy and able to pay;
And he softly chuckled, 'Ho! Ho! He! He!"
And he rubbed his hands in quiet glee;
"Ho! Ho!! He! He!! it was an echo sound;
Amazed the rum seller looked around,
This side and that, thru the smoke peered he,
But naught but the chairs could the rum seller see

'Ho! Ho! He! He!!' it was a gutteral note,
And it seemed as if it came from an iron throat;
His knees began to quake and his hair to rise,
And he opened his mouth, and strained his eyes,
And lo! there, in a corner, dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form, with a visage grim;
From the tangled curls of his shaggy hair
There sprouted of hard, rough horns,—a pair,
While redly his scowling brows below,
Like sulphurous flames, did his small eyes glow;

Dark was his forehead, and rugged and scarred,
As if by a stroke of lightning marred,
And his lips were curled in a sinister smile,
And smoke belched forth from his mouth the while
His feet were shaped like bullock's hoofs,
And the boots he wore were caloric proof.

Small clothes he wore of an amber hue,
From the rear of which a tail peeped thru;
In his hand he held—if a hand it was,
Whose fingers resembled a vulture's claws—
A three tined fork, and its prongs so dull
Were thrust thru the sockets of a grinning skull.
Slowly, like a septre, he waved it too and fro,
While he softly chuckled, 'He! He!! Ho! Ho!!'
And all the while his eyes that burned
Like sulphurous flames on the rum seller turned
Whose eyes, on the monster grim were glued,
But whose tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.

Despair and horror were in his look,
And his shuddering bones in their marrow shook.
But the fiend laughed on, 'He! Ho! Ho!!'
And ever the skull waved too and fro;
Then nodding the horns on his grizzly head,
'Why! what is the matter, my friend' he said;
'You surely have nothing from me to dread;
We have known each other so long and well,
And I love you more than I can tell;
Yet it seems to me but a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your employ,
Running about like an errand boy.'

'You don't know me, or you'd be more civil;
In the place where I live I'm called the Devil.'
Like a galvanized corpse, pale and wan,
Up started instanter the thunder-struck man.

'The D-l! you don't.' 'Yes I do,' said old Nick,
·And if you wish for the proof,
Just twig my horns, my tail, and my hoof.
And having come from a warmer clime below
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,
And the night being somewhat cold, I think
You might ask an old fellow to have a drink.

Come, now, let it be of the clear, pure stuff,
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart's enough;
And put the mess in an iron cup,
And heat by the fire, until it bubbles up.'
As the Devil bade the rum-seller did,
Filling a flagon of gin to the lid.
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.
Old Nick at a swallow the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a gutteral laugh.

But faint and few were the smiles I ween,
That on the rum-seller's face were seen.
For a mortal fear was on him then,
And he thot of the ways of other men
He should treat no more, that his hour had come,
And his master too, to take him home;
While thoughts went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,
And gliding before him, pale and dim,
Were uncouth forms and specters grim;
And there, amid that ghastly train,
He saw the murdered wife of Thomas Bain,

And he shivered and shook in every limb,
As if an ague fit had hold of him.
But the fiend laughed on 'Ho! Ho! He! He!'
And he switched his tail in quiet glee.
Then he scraped his hoof on the burning grate,
While grins and smiles did alternate
O'er his visage grim as he shook his head,
And to the shuddering rum-seller said;
'Do you think I have come for you? Never fear;
You can't be spared for a long while here.

There are hearts to break, and souls to win
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin:
There are homes to be rendered desolate,
There is trusting love to be turned to hate,
There are hands that murder must crimson red,
There are hopes to be crushed - blights to be shed
O'er the young, and the pure, and the fair,
'Till their hearts are broken by the fiend despair;
And the hand that should shield the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath must be raised to kill.

Oh! this is the work you have done so well,
Cursing the earth and peopling hell;
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human heart, till you make it mine.
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee
Around the spirits you have marked for me.

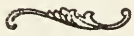
Oh! the selling of rum is a good device
To make a hell of a paradise.
Where'er shall roll that fiery flood,
'Tis swollen with tears, tis stained with blood,
And lips that erstwhile were heard in prayer.
With muttered curses stir the air.
Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup;
And the fiends exult in their homes below
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.
Long shall it be—if I have my way—

Ere the night of death shall dark your day;
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the devil himself;
And in the courts I hold, in my place below,
Your plea—that you are licensed—will be no go.'
No more said the fiend, but clear and high
Rang on the air the watchman's cry,
'Past two o'clock—and a cloudy sky.'
The rum-seller woke with a half-formed scream
He awoke, and behold, it was all a dream.
His grizzled guest, with his horns had flown;
His lamp was out, his fire was gone;
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long of that wondrous vision thought."

December 31, 1888—Tonight our home circle consists of my husband and four beloved children; Bennie, my oldest, Mollie, my sweet daughter, Clayton, and then our dear little Abbie, who has just dropped asleep. She tried so hard to keep awake, to greet the New Year, which will be here in one hour. Yes, 1889 is rushing on and soon we will bid him welcome.

As I sit here alone, watching the old year out, I think of many things I would like to write in the beautiful book called "Memories," a Christmas present from Bennie. The past year has been a peaceful one, God has been kind and merciful in many ways —no deaths, and not many sick days. Tonight I thank Him for all such mercies. May the New Year be a blessing to us— may God be our friend and guide all the year through. This is my wish and prayer

Your loving Mother.



"It is not house, and fire, and plenty of servants, and all things that money can procure that makes a home; not father or mother or friends, but one heart that will not be offended with the petulance of sickness, nor the ministrations needful to weakness."

January 1, 1889—Tonight as I sit here my thoughts go back over life. Some things are so joyful to think of and others so sad, so sad. Tonight as Father Time bids the new year welcome I rejoice too, when I think how comfortable the new year finds us. We have food and clothing, and have been kept from a sick bed. How much to be thankful for! When my family is well I count it the greatest blessing of all, for we have seen so much sickness and sorrow that small blessings are treasured most tenderly. The new year is here. Welcome! Now I will go to my rest that I need so much. May God's blessing rest upon my family, each and every one, is mother's wish and prayer.

February 4, 1889—Dear father passed away January 2nd. He was eighty-four years old. Yes, both parents have gone to that beautiful country they tell us of. They taught us of the higher life, and if we go astray and fail to meet them beyond, they will not be blamed. We were taught truths from the blessed bible in early life, and many times I think of those childhood days.

May 30, 1889—The family has all gone to hear the Decoration Day address to be given at the Opera House by Rev. Davis, so little Abbie and myself are alone, and she is out in the yard playing. She has been so ill, and I feel so thankful that she is able to run around again.

As I sit here alone I think so much of my family and also of my dear dead, lying so peaceful and quiet in the Eau Claire cemetery, too far away for me to go and visit their resting places very often. It seems to me I could not go there when so many are there, as on Decoration Day, but would rather go by myself. We have so many loved ones waiting till the trump shall sound, and oh! what a joyful awakening it will be.

Anna Avery came up today and has gone out with Ben and Mollie. Clate had two little friends here to dinner. Let them enjoy themselves now, not knowing what is before them. It is a cold, clear day, so cold that fires are burning in all the stoves through the house.

One more week of school and then Mollie and Clatie will have a holiday, and how glad I shall be for them. Bennie has been

home for a few days. God bless my children and help them to be His children.

This afternoon my mind wanders back to my childhood days. I cannot remember my childhood's home as well as I wish I could. The first home was in a plain house on a farm, and most of my playmates were brothers and sisters. There were ten of us, and as I look back I can remember that we spent many days roaming over hills and through the woods, just living and growing. Then in a few years I remember moving to a big house in a small town, and big times we had in the big house. Father owned a mill and a store and was quite well off. Poor mother had to work so hard with such a family to bring up. We soon learned to help her, but were sent early to school as we could not do much after all. How well I remember some of those dear schoolmates. Some have passed to the higher life, and some are still waiting the call we all must answer.

Father remained with us till last January, when he passed peacefully away. It has been about seventeen years since mother went, and it seems she has been gone so long.

"Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last heard your lullaby song;
Since then unto my soul it has seemed
Womanhood years have been but a dream."

Well, it is nearly time for my dear ones to be coming home, so I must stop my writing and prepare supper.

"Savior, breathe an evening blessing
E're repose our spirits seal,
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou cans't save and Thou canst heal.

Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who never wearies,
Watchest where Thy people be."

MOTHER.

December 24, 1889—For two days our home has seemed very unlike our usual home. All gone but Jerome, Abbie and myself. Ben and Claton went to Eau Claire with a horse, and Mollie and sister Mate went on the train, so all are gone to spend Christmas and tonight is Christmas eve. While we were eating supper there was a rap on the door. Jerome opened it.

No one was there but he saw a bundle lying there. On opening it we found a beatiful slumber pillow from my dear friend. Minnie Adler. Well, God bless the dear one, and make her his own child, is my prayer. Little Abbie sits at the organ trying to play and sing "Aunt Rhoda."

This afternoon I went to Carrie Parker's school and brought her in, and it was water all the way, and now it is blowing terribly. There is no snow and this morning it rained. Since supper I have got a duck ready for the oven and dressed a large turkey. I am going to cook the duck and save the turkey until the children are here. Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham will be over for dinner tomorrow. All these holidays are sad days to me. I try to make others happy, but my sad heart refuses to be comforted. I think of my darlings who have gone to the better land, and try to live to meet them there bye and bye, especially our darling Petie. No one but the Father knows what it cost me to see him go. Since then all things look different to me, but I have my four left—Bennie, Mollie, Clatie and Abbie. How much to be thankful for! God knows how dear they are to me, and I

have a dear kind husband besides. May I think of these blessings and be so thankful. Dear Jerome is out to lodge this evening, so Abbie and I are all alone, but soon he will be in and then we must go to bed, and get up early in the morning to prepare our dinner. I feel so tired and weary tonight. I am not well this winter and sister Mate stays with me. She is coming back when Mollie comes.

A merry Christmas to the whole world, and may the coming year be a happy one also. God bless my family and spare them all to me in health and happiness. God's care be over us all tonight.

"The years of man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving blindly,
Till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate.
We may never see how the right side looks,
We can only weave and wait."

Bennie and Carrie Parker were married August 24th, 1890. I shed many, many tears over it, too. I don't know why, for she

was a nice girl, from a good family, but I just felt he wasn't my boy any more. He has always lived near enough so that he could come often to see us, and for several years has been living near his birth place, on Truax Prairie. I wish all the children could be as near us as he is. His children are all very dear to me.

"Tis something, though it be not fame,
To know we spring from honest race,
To feel no secret blush of shame
For those we love, suffuse our face;
Then let us to our sons transmit
An honored name unsullied yet!"

Truax Prairie, September 27, 1891—Mollie was sixteen yesterday. It doesn't seem possible to me. She and dear little Abbie are going to school in Eau Claire. They come home Friday night and go back either Sunday evening or Monday morning. How I do miss the darlings! Clatie and I are alone, but we have so many chores to do we do not think about it as much as we otherwise would.

November 26, 1891—Thanksgiving eve, seven o'lock, Mollie and Clatie are in the sitting room, reading, Abbie is playing around in her busy way, and Jerome is sitting here looking so peaceful, and seems to be enjoying himself very much. We were all down to Mate's for dinner, and what a dinner we did have! Just everything nice. It is cold outdoors tonight and there is no snow.

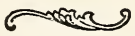
Yes, here we are on the farm. Came last April so we have been here eight months, and what changes we have made in that time in our farm home, in-doors and out. Mollie stays at brother Tom's in Eau Claire, and goes to school. She gets homesick at times. We came to the farm mostly on account of Clatie. He is not very strong, and we thought if we got him out of town and out of school he would be far better off, and through the summer he gained and seemed to get stronger. Last week he had a bad cold on his luugs, but seems better now. He was fourteen years old last April. I feel so anxious about him, he looks and acts so much like dear Petie.

Bennie has been home with us four weeks. I don't know what we would do

without him, as Jerome isn't home much. Stays at Bloomer yet. How much I hope we may be thankful for all blessing given us by the kind Father above.

Well, each of the children has given me a good night kiss and gone to bed. At some other time I will try to tell some of our experiences on our farm the past summer, but at present must go to rest, so good night to all the world.

Mother.



November 29, 1891—Sunday evening. I took Mollie and Jerome to town. Mollie to go to school and Jerome to go back to Bloomer. I went as far as the town sidewalk and then turned and came back, so as not to be late home. Only Clatie, Abbie and myself are here tonight. They had done all the chores they could and were waiting and watching for mother, as children always do. I do not feel one bit afraid tonight, but so lonesome, as we always are when Jerome goes back. He doesn't know just when he will come again. I do wish he could get work in Eau Claire, for then he could be at home so often. Bennie is at

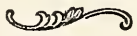
Bloomer. I suppose he will come down soon.

Well, I will not write any more tonight.

December 13, 1891—Tonight Abbie and Clatie have taken their baths and gone to bed. I am waiting for Bennie and Carrie to come. Bennie went to Elk Mound to deliver some books for me and Carrie waited for him at Ben's. It is raining hard tonight, Think of it, the 13th of December! It has been just like summer all winter, and I am glad. I don't want to see the ground covered with snow.

December 21, 1891—Next Friday will be Christmas. We are going to have a Christmas tree, just Ben's family, dear Mate, Aunt Salome, Harrison's family, and Bennie and Carrie will be with us too, so my dear family will be all together. Mollie is so anxious about it, and has spent what money she had getting each one something. I told her if it was but little her friends would think just as much of it as though it cost dollars. Jerome will come Thurs-

day, so as to spend the holidays with us, and Mollie will be home a week, as it is vacation. May we all enjoy these days and spend them happily and profitably. To-morrow Carrie and dear little Abbie want to go to town to get a few things, but it is raining so tonight I hardly think we will go. Good night,



"Life's thoughts, and words and actions,
Stately and square and grand,
Let us finish like polished Jasper stone,
And build them at God's command.
Put up on your walls no evil,
To fade, like the light sea-foam,
For nothing but good, and pure and true,
Can build an eternal Home!"

February 3, 1893—Here we are, still on the prairie farm, and it is a cold, bleak winter. Jerome is in Bloomer, working in the bank. He commenced work two weeks ago. Clatie, Abbie and I, with the help of Carrie, the girl, are trying to get along with the chores. Burr Avery helps us out occasionally. Clatie has been ill for two days with

a cold, and sore throat, but is better today.

How time flies along. Soon it will be two years since we came here and this New Year we feel the need of the Heavenly Father's care just as much as in the past years, and may we never cease to be thankful for all his kindness to us. Bennie is at Mineral Lake, and dear Mollie in school in Eau Claire. How we miss the dear ones. The day is closing cold and clear.

February 9, 1893—What a stormy night! It has snowed all day, and now at seven o'clock, it is still snowing, and we here on the farm alone; Jerome in Bloomer, Mollie in Eau Claire, Bennie in Mineral Lake. Burr has been getting wood for us all day in the storm. The snow is awful deep now. May God's blessings be upon all tonight who are needing the comforts of life. Well I must write to dear Jerome and Bennie tonight.

Perry, May 9, 1893.

Dear Brother and Family:—

I hardly know how to commence this letter. When we think that only a few weeks ago we were anticipat-

ing so much on having such a grand time with Bradford when we all came to Wisconsin this fall. Oh! how little we know of what is before us, and it's best we don't. It seemed I must go to the funeral, then when I thot how often he had asked me to come and visit them and I had never been there, it almost seemed wrong for me to go when he would not be there to greet me. Oh, I wish I had gone before, but I thot I must go, and the rest of the folks were all so anxious to have me go, I never shall be sorry I went. He looked so natural, just as if he might speak. I don't think he had an idea of not getting well, he had never said anything that sounded that way at all, and he had not been very sick. We laid him in the cemetery by the side of their little boy they lost about four years ago. Bradford bought a lot then. There was no stone at Bernice's grave, as he was going to get a monument. He told me last fall when we went to the Garfield monument in Cleveland that he must get one on his lot and must not neglect it, but he had not got it done. Parry wrote you the particulars, I presume, better than I can possibly do, and then you had the paper with that beautiful memorial in it, or you must have had it as there was one sent to you. I don't know how much property he has left his family, but I guess there is enough to care for them well. Ed. said his mother would have enough to take care of herself, without using any of the principal if she was careful. It always has taken a big sum, and I don't

know how it will be now. He left all he had to his wife alone, to do with as she pleased. His will was made some years ago, I told her I did not like it very well. I think he might have given the boys something, or fixed it so they could have something when she was thru with it, or have given her the use of so much to go to the boys when she was done with what she could not spend. But now she can use it all as she pleases, but she is saving, and will do as well by the children as he would, probably. There are three children, Ed., Parry and Mary—Mary about seventeen. After Parry got thru college his father was anxious he should study medicine, so the last year he has been in New York in the medical study, but he has never liked it, and now he is to study law with Ed. right there in his father's office. I hated to see him give up medicine; his father seemed so very anxious to have him go thru the course, but maybe it is best. I stayed there ten days, then went to Schenectady, and there took the bus over to Scotia, about a mile across the Mohawk River to John Wilson's. He has a nice family, five children; three boys and two girls. His oldest girl is twenty-six, then two boys over twenty and but one of them married. His two oldest boys work in Schenectady in the Edison electric works. John has a grocery store and feed with it. He owns several houses which he rents. Seems to be doing well. I suppose he got his start in California, his wife is a real nice woman, she went out to Scho-

haria with me. We went to Quaker street, (maybe you have forgotten that name). There Louise Briggs, who was Louise Wilson's son, met us and took us to their place. We staid there till Wednesday, then they took us to Schoharia village. I wanted to go there to the cemetery where mother is buried. You remember when we came up to Ohio. Bradford had mother taken up from the old orchard on the farm, and laid her in this cemetery, by the side of grandmother Robinson and now I am so glad he did. Every year or so he and John Wilson would go out there and Julia, John's wife, said Bradford always gave the sexton something to keep the graves in order, and they were kept looking nice. Grandfather and grandmother Robinson, Aunt Elmira and mother all lay there side by side and it's no way likely I shall ever stand by those graves again, but am so glad I went there. From there went back to Briggs and stayed till next day. When we went to Lib. Carter's. She was Lib Wilson and married Peter Nethaway. You and I went there once when she lived through Schoharia Bridge and up on the hill. I remember going well. After a few years Nethaway died and she was a widow seventeen years and now she has married an old man by the name of Carter. His first wife was Mary Ann Zimmer. Well we had a nice visit there and Friday morning he took us over to Schoharia, where we used to live. Came down past where Herrick used to live, then on down past Hungerford

and that great big hole, you must remember that, it was half full of water, and running in it were two large streams which would soon fill it. It looked as natural to me as could be. Then we came along down past Gid Schoolcraft's and Whipple's old place and down where you and I were born. But it is all changed, more so than any other place I passed. The house has all been torn away and a nice, large, new one stands in its place. The big gate was gone, the balm of gilead tree was either gone or it was too early for it to show much, the old wood house stands where it did and the old orchard back of the house was there, but pretty well thinned out. I was really in hopes of seeing the old barn on the hill, as Bradford said that was standing two years ago when he was there, but now it had been taken down, but the road up the hill with all the willow trees was there yet. They told me Ira Hunting bought it for his son Clark, you remember him. Well, he spent it and had to sell it. Miles Hunting lives on the old Ira Manning farm, and it looks just as it used to. I dont believe there has been a change made around it. They tell me the Hunting boys never did anything and don't amount to anything. Well, we drove around the school house. It is in the same place, but it is made of brick now, and it used to be of wood, and they had just cut the woods all down as far as the foot of the hill, so it did not look just natural. Then we drove up past Pete Dominick's and back down the other way, past where we spent most of our childhood days. The old house looked

natural, but the shop was gone and they had some old barn or something of the kind on the opposite corner from the house where we drove in. Take it all together it did not look as nice as it did when we lived there, but we must remember it was a bad time of year for a place to look well. The roads were muddy, and so rough, and stony and hilly. I had forgotten it was such a hilly place. Then we drove over to Gallupsville, and such a long steep hill to go down. I remember there was a hill, but such a long one I had forgotten about. Everything and place looked familar to me, I could have gone alone anywhere there just as well as ever I could. Well, we went back to Carter's, I for one just tired out. The stones and hills were too much for me, and the next morning I was just sick. If I had not been he would have taken us over to Knox, as it was I did not get there. Would like to have seen Aunt Esther, and would have gone and called on Aunt Mary. They tell me she looks just like an old witch. I went to see Eugenia, in Albany. She has to go and stay with her most of the time and this summer Beckbee has let his grocery store to his son-in-law and is going to the World's fair. She says she will have to stay with her mother most of the time, but she says she can't bear to, it is so lonesome for her. Her mother won't have anything, or do anything, like any one else. She is a real old miser, and no one can bear to stay with her. Beckbee thot he should go and see Aunt Salome while he is out there his summer. Uncle Ben's Martha is clerking in a

large store in Schenectady and boards in Scotia with John Wilson's family. Has boarded there four years. She went to Beckbee's with me, to Troy, to Mary Jane Beets, Aunt Sally Gardner's daughter. Well, Sunday Carter took us back to Briggs' and Monday we took the train back to Scotia, I intending to start for Canestota the next morning. But Monday night I was sick so could not go till Wednesday morning. Started and got to Joshua's about noon, stayed there till night. They went with me up to Elnora Ann's. Her health is very poor. She has rented her house and has rented a couple of rooms with an old lady and takes her meals at a boarding house next door. She has a dreadful cough that I don't think she will ever get rid of. She was pretty well while I was there, walked down to Joshua's with me once. She says she is going to California in September if she is able, and if Joshua can dispose of his business he will come too. I stayed there till Saturday morning then started home at six in the morning, getting home at five to Painesville. I got a little cold before I got home and have been just sick ever since. I got home the last Saturday in April, being gone just a month. Not being well enough to go down to father's he got so anxious to hear all about everything that he got John Shephard's horse and buggy and came up alone. He has a horse of Dereath any time but they won't let him come alone he is so careless. He had not been up here since last fall, when he came with Bradford and Parry. He said mother would have

come too but she had not been out any since she was sick. He stayed most all day. Ern was taken worse after I went away and has not been able to sit up any yet. Poor Ern! I hope when she does come up out of this she will be real well and strong.

It has been real wet here all the spring, and a good many oats are just being sown. I was glad of the long, kind letter you wrote me. The next day after it came we received the telegram announcing Bradford's death, and I could not have gone to both places so went there.

Hoping you will get well and strong and come to see us soon I will close for this time. Love to all.

Sister Mina.

"Home at last on heaven's mountains,
Come and enter in.
Saved by life's free, flowing fountain,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

Home, sweet home, our home forever,
All the pilgrim journey past;
Welcome home to wander never,
Saved through Jesus, home at last.

Welcome at the pearly portal,
Evermore a welcome guest;
Welcome to the life immortal
In the mansions of the blest."

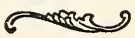
"They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of Death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love."

January 2, 1895—Last Thanksgiving we went to Cordelia's and Bennie and Carrie went, too. Mollie and Clatie went to Bloomer. Christmas, Bennie and Carrie, the Truaxes and Addie Avery were here, and New Years we went to sister Mate's. Had such a pleasant time! So the holidays have come and gone and we have commenced another new year. May I, for one, try to improve in all my ways. The children go to school. I don't feel tonight as though I should see them through their school days, yet we know not. I hope they will be spared to long life and to do much good.

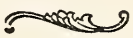
"I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning—for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off, happy land;
Oh, would that I were there amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.
With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portal, prepared to let me in;
Oh Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and ways
are best,
But I am wasted, worn and weary! Oh Father, bid me
rest."

"There are no friends like the old friends,
No songs like the songs we've sung;
There are no times like the old times
When you and I were young."



The following letter was from Jerome's sister Mina when their father died in Ohio, at the age of ninety.



March 29, 1900.

Dear ones all:—

It may be you have been thinking you would have a letter from me before this time, but someway I have not got about it. I think I wrote you all the news the week before father died. Perhaps Hart has written you. He has a great deal to do yet always seems to have time, never seems to be in a hurry, like my folks are.

Speaking of father's death—he went sooner than we thought he would. He had a fall and never seemed to get over it. He talked some, but at last we couldn't understand him, and he did not try to talk much, but lay very quiet and seemed to be sleeping so much. Friday he was very quiet and seemed to breathe heavily, and I feared he might soon pass away. In the morning they sent for the doctor. He was coming sometime through the day but he came sooner. He said he might lie like that for a day or two. We watched him closely until Sunday morning at half past six, when he was gone. He just went to sleep and woke up in glory. Oh! just think of the loved ones he has over there. Father had talked much of this journey, and went willingly. Dear brother Jerome and sister Bell, how long before we shall be there too. May we so live here that we won't miss meeting them over there.

We telegraphed to Brad's family but none came. The services were at the house. Everything was done for him that could be done. They were so kind to him.

Good bye,

Sister Mina.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

"I'm footsore oft, and weary,
For the way has been so long,
And the storms that beat around me
Have been so fierce and strong;
I've climbed up dreary mountains,
Whose paths were rough and steep,
I've waded through dark waters
That were so cold and deep.

But all the way so weary
One joy has been my own;
I've always known one comfort,
I have not walked alone!
For One has e'er been near me,
Whose face I could not see,
But I cannot tell to any
All He has been to me.

When darkest clouds were o'er me
His presence seemed more near;
When trials sore have pressed me
I've felt His love most dear.
When weak and worn I stumbled,
His strength has held me up,
When fainting by the wayside
He filled my empty cup.

When faith is weak and faltering,
He whispers words of cheer;
"Those whom I love may suffer,
But I will help them bear;
I know the path before thee,
I'll guide thee all the way;
It's end is joy unending,
'Mid heaven's eternal day."

So I still travel onward,
Though dark the path and dim;
I would not miss one trial
That brings me nearer Him!
And when at last in heaven
I stand, by His dear grace,
Mine eyes shall see with rapture
His unveiled, beauteous face."

September 23. 1900—I have had my lovely book, "Memories," ten years, I think, and I have written so little in it. Tonight I feel as though I should like so dearly to write it full, so many things have come and gone, and are still coming and going, that I should like to write out.

Our darling Mollie was married one year ago last January, and went from us to a home of her own in Fairmount, North

Dakota. She comes home often to see us but only as a visitor. We miss her so much. Now she has a beautiful baby boy, and I hope they may keep him.

Ben and Carrie live on the farm. They have four nice children—little Harold, sweet little Ruth, and then the dear little twins, both boys, now ten months old. I hope they will grow up good children and that God will bless them. Oh! may they be His children. I hope Bennie and Carrie will teach them early of His love and kindness, that they may grow up trusting Him all the way through life, their best and truest friend.

Your loving Mother.

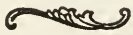
October 7, 1900—Sunday evening. Last week was the county fair, and what a week it was! It thundered and lightened and rained all the week and was so very warm. Bennie and family, and Mrs. Van Loon and Ray were down two days. The little ones are well. What a blessing! Today is cool, without rain. The foliage on every bush and tree looks so lovely, such beautiful colors. All shades of green, red and yellow, and so many leaves have fallen to

the ground that it makes a beautiful carpet.

Well, I must write to dear Mollie, so far from us.

November 2, '1900—Beautiful, beautiful morning after the long rain. I feel as though I would like to break away from the chain of housework and just enjoy this lovely morning, but dinner hour is soon here and I must go.

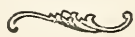
Next Tuesday I am going to Mollie's. Sister Cordelia is going with me, which will be pleasant. Tuesday next is election day, Presidential election too, Bryan, McKinley and Wooley. Oh! if right could win, but it won't. Aunt Matie is coming to stay with Clatie and Abbie. I don't feel as though I shall stay long from home, for I leave many cares behind me. Abbie isn't very well sometimes, is going to school and will miss mama, I think. All well on the farm. Little twins walk. Were one year old last week.



"The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret;
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartaches,
Tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget we bore the burdens
And carry away the song."

December 31, 1903—The last hours of the year are passing away and then commences the New Year of 1904. Christmas came and with it many pleasant memories. It was a terribly cold day. We were alone, with the exception of Aunt Mate who is with us this winter. The boarders all went away to spend the day with friends. We all received many pretty presents.

Now I am tired and will close my book for this year. Adieu, adieu, old year.



"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Found for the good alone.

Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, hope and love,
Best boons to mortal given,
Wave their bright wings and whisper,
Yes, yes, in heaven!"

May 15, 1905—Dear Jerome wasn't at all well for a year before we left Bloomer. He was in office work so long there I can't help but think that it shortened his life. I think of it so often now and feel that if an out-door life had been his he might still be with us. How many regrets come to us when too late! He just seemed to gradually get weaker and weaker. It didn't seem

to me he could leave us, one who had been with us so long, and one we would miss so much. I had several boarders, and he would often do little chores to help along and seemed to enjoy doing what he could. Dr. Nobles was his choice of doctors, and perhaps he did as well as any one, although I felt at times that a change might be better for him. Oh! those were such sad, sad days, dear children, My heart aches as I recall them, but his dear life is before me so much. He always loved his home and family, and we all loved him. I often wonder why, why, couldn't he have remained with us? God's ways are not our ways, and I try to be reconciled. Sister Mary was with us most of the time, and was a comfort to all of us, as she always has been in our many sorrowful times.

The first of February he seemed much weaker, and I felt much alarmed about him. We sent for Ned and Mollie and they came several days before he passed away. Bennie was with us, and was such a comfort and help, he seemed so handy in arranging papa's pillows and making him as comfortable as possible. For several days he was in a como state, we doing what we

could for him. Many times tears fell on his dear face as we watched over him, but he was unconscious of all. Oh! what sad, sad days! No one can realize only those who have passed through the deep waters. Our hearts were so overwhelmed, our home so sad. At ten a. m. February 19th, 1905, he passed peacefully away, and the home was so lonely without him. So the days and weeks passed by, and it seemed there was no comfort left us. I have done my best to go on with my work from day to day, but the Father knows my aching heart. I try now to live with a hope of meeting him where partings never come. My prayer is that we may meet, an unbroken family, in the sweet bye and bye. Dear children, will you help my prayer to be answered?

I often think of our family at the time of our great sorrow. Albert and Paul Schlieve, who had boarded with us a long time and seemed very near to us, and John Van Every, who was with us six years, as one of the family, were with us. They were always pleasant and congenial, and ever ready to do anything they could to lighten our sorrow and care. I can never forget

their pleasant ways and kind acts, and now as they have all gone out in the world for themselves, to build homes of their own, my prayer is that they may be blessed, and become prosperous men; but in their prosperity may they keep a hope of the higher life, and of the mansions being built for us all if we are worthy. How often I think of the home over there, where there is room for all the world. May these good boys, (I still call them boys, for they seem such to me) be found worthy to enter those mansions that are being prepared for those that love Him. May they be able to say:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all our sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make me, keep me, pure within."

It is well for us to have a hope in Christ, knowing all things will be added unto us. It seems so nice when young folks are liv-

ing first to glorify the dear Father. What precious promises He gives us. This world's riches He will add to us if he sees best. He knoweth all things.

"All the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort;
Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well."

Dear children, tonight after a long day's work, as I sit here, resting, I think of these lines: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely; he that overcometh shall inherit all things and I will be his God and he shall be my people."

"Oh; let me know Thee, Father dear,
And in my darkest hour
Give me the grace to feel Thee near,
And hide beneath Thy power."

Your lonely Mother.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

"A home in heaven! What a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven, as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven?

A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark eve
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! oh! the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says
'Come!'
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven."

I have copied two or three of the letters of sympathy received from dear friends after papa's death.

February 21, 1905.

Mrs. Champion and dear ones:—

My dear friends my heart goes out to you in longing to send some comforting message, but I realize, as never before, how feeble are words at a time like this, to express or convey to your saddened hearts a crumb of comfort. I rejoice that the Comforter that can light us out of our despair when bereft is no stranger to you and yours, and I pray the Father to send the Comforter to you, that in His abiding presence you may be given strength to endure, courage to hope, and confidence to believe and trust that all will be well with those who love the hand that appears to smite. He has borne it all, He knows the depth of our deepest despair, and He alone can turn tears to smiles of rejoicing. May He be very near to you during these dark days, and may His presence cause you to rejoice that the precious one has gone to live with such a friend, and to wait for the reunion that shall know no end.

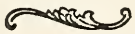
We wanted James to go to you, but he does not see how it can be accomplished, as we have no help and he thinks we could not get through alone with so much stock to care for.

Dear family, please forgive us for not being able to do for you at this time when the home seems so empty, while the absent one is a guest of God.

Yours in love and sorrow,

Eva A. Thompson.

P. S. Winifred is at the University or she would have written.



Elroy, Wis., Feb. 26, 1905.

My dear Mrs. Champion:—

The letter containing the sad news reached us a few days ago, and I do want to assure you all of our heartfelt sympathy. Let us be very thankful that his last hours were practically painless, also that your daughter reached you before her father's death, as I am sure the presence of your children must be a great comfort to you.

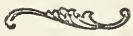
Though death seems such a terrible thing after all it is only a step toward the new and beautiful life, and I am sure we will all try to live better than ever before, so that on that glorious morning when the dead shall arise, we will be found ready to join him at the Master's feet. Dear ones, it will be only a little while, and while we are waiting may we live just the purest and best lives we can, and may the Lord comfort your sorrowing hearts.

With best love to all, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Edith P. Borchen.

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But some dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside howso'er defended,
But hath one vacant chair."



December 25, 1908—It is Christmas night and I am sitting up stairs writing. The day has been so lovely, not cold, and good sleighing. My family was small for dinner, only Clatie, Abbie and Frank, her husband. Since her marriage June 24th, she still stays with us, and I shall miss them if they go away from me. I think they would like to keep house by themselves, as most young married people do. It is eleven years since Mollie was married and went to Fairmount, North Dakota, to live. We all loved sweet Mollie. She graduated in June and was married in January. Dear girl! she was so happy and care free in her girlhood days, but she has seen much sorrow since. She has had four lovely children and but one is left. She and little Georgie came home on a visit. He was four, I think, and a bright little fellow. They had been here but a few days when he was taken ill with scarlet fever, and in eight days passed away. May He who

alone knows how we all felt, comfort and pity the broken-hearted. They surely need His sympathy at such a time.

Three weeks before Thanksgiving Mrs. Ballard, Ned's mother, and Mollie came on a visit with the two children, Isabell and Leone, and Ned came a few days before Thanksgiving. We spent a happy day, as Ben's family came in from the farm. The next day Mollie and family went home. A few days afterward Ned was taken sick, with the grip, as they supposed, but as he seemed to get worse instead of better he took his doctor and came to St. Paul to see a specialist, who thought it a slight attack of appendicitis. He went back home but got no better, so he and Mollie started for Rochester to see the Mayos. They got as far as Minneapolis but he was too sick to get any farther, so he went to a hospital there and was operated on for tubercolosis of the bowels, and was very, very ill for several days.

The doctor's advice was for them to go south as soon as he was able to leave the hospital. They got the two little ones from home and brought them to my house. It seemed the best place for them, and we all enjoyed having them here so much. I

think they were here seven or eight weeks. At first they were not at all well but they soon got all right, and were two such happy children. When their parents came they had forgotten them. Ned had gained some, still the doctor thought he ought to winter in the west, so they sold their pleasant home in Fairmount and went to California, expecting to make it their permanent home, but neither of them liked it there. After about six months they came back, stopping off here for a visit. They had been here but a few days when beautiful little Isabell was taken sick. Within four weeks she passed away to come among us no more. How sad it all was. I have tried to reconcile myself to our great sorrow but it is hard. I hope Mollie's future may be happier.

Your loving Mother.

December 26, 1908—Dear Clatie is not in tonight, and I am so worried. He is so young and there are so many ways to go in that are wrong. May God keep him from temptation. Can't write any more tonight.

December 20, 1909—Another year has passed away since I wrote last. Then it

seemed as though my heart was breaking. Now I am at peace, and all is well. Clatie went west one year ago in March, and Ned Ballard got him a nice place in the bank, where he has been ever since.

He met a nice girl and was married the 24th of August, and since seems so well and happy. Bennie and I went out to the wedding, which was at Mollie's. It was a very pretty little wedding. Mollie and Clatie were always a very loving brother and sister. There is but eighteen months difference in their ages. May they always enjoy each other as they do now.

Your loving Mother.

December 25, 1909—Well, the Christmas Day of 1909 has passed away. We were all at Bennie's for dinner, Tom, Sue. Mate, Harry, Cora, Charley and Edna Stokes and myself. We did great justice to a big turkey and everything else nice that goes with one. The children are all well. May they be spared to them another year.

Mollie was home on a short visit to see Abbie, who while she was here went to the hospital for an operation. Mollie went home the Tuesday before Thanksgiving,

as Clatie and his young wife were coming from Colfax to visit them on Thanksgiving Day. Abbie came home from the hospital a few days ago and is feeling fine. Am so glad.

Cordelia is coming down tomorrow and may stay all night, as she has some business to attend to at Judge Marsh's office.

Well, I will close, hoping that all will be well with us for another year, that we may be thankful for the blessings of the past year and that we may remember how dependent we are for things in the days to come.

Good night to the world. Mother.

July 4, 1910—The day has passed and gone. Mrs. Cass and Mrs. Meyers have just gone and I am sitting here alone. Mrs. Meyers brought Mrs. Cass and me some ice cream. It was very nice. It was a lovely morning, but at twelve very warm. Frank and Abbie and Mrs. Cass were here to dinner. Well, time is passing. It is nearly eleven and I must go to my rest. A kind good night to all.

Your loving mother.

July 17, 1910.

Dear sister Sarah and family:—

It is long since I wrote, but I have not forgotten you—no, not at all. It seems as though time flies so fast, and I am getting slower and slower as time goes on. I don't write as often as I would like to, and indeed ought to. I came from the south the first of April, and was very busy for about four weeks, and then went to visit Mollie and Clatie. I went to Clatie's first, he was so anxious to have me visit him and his dear wife in their home. I found them as cozy and happy as could be. Clatie has his two dogs, of course, and is as fond of them as ever. His home wouldn't be furnished completely without one or two dogs, and he is always kind and good to them. He always had them when at home. I used to say I let him have them around for love of the boy, not the dogs, for they were nothing but an expense to him, and a large expense, too. So many of the puppies would sicken and die, then he would buy another and another, and alway feel so bad when they died. Now, in his new home he has a young wife and two dogs, and seems so happy. I visited there two weeks and then went to Mollie's and stayed two weeks. Time passed pleasantly while there with her and her husband and sweet Leone, the only child left them. The others are gathered in the beautiful home above, where I hope each of us may be gathered at last.

This is indeed a beautiful Sunday morning. We

had a lovely shower last night, and we feel grateful for it, as it has been very hot and dry here for many, many days. I have not been well for the past week. I have the erysipelas and cannot go out, but am better. Matie has been with me since last Friday, and it seems so nice to have her. She is my oasis upon the desert, isn't she? such a comfort, someway.

Well, I was pleased to get home from the south. It was very beautiful there, and no winter ever comes. I enjoyed it in many ways, but I was so glad to see the dear familiar faces of those at home that I love so well. I never was away from them so long before, especially Abbie. She missed mother so much, and I missed her too. She lives about two blocks away, and I tell you I am awfully glad she is no further off. Since I have been sick the past week she comes every morning to see how I am, and both she and Frank were anxious about me. What would I do if she were so far away, like Mollie and Clatie. They all come as often as they can, so I hardly feel my being alone. Martha, Clatie's wife came home with me and stayed three weeks. All who saw her loved her. Sister Mary is writing letters too, so the lovely Sabbath will pass pleasantly away, conversing with dear friends far away.

Cordelia was down last week. She is very well and seems to enjoy life so much. Aunt Margaret is very poorly indeed. I don't think she is very long for this life. Oh! how she will be missed. Cora will be so

lonely with her mother gone, but she has been spared to a good, long life. Bennie was down yesterday. His little flock is all well. He has a hard time with such a family of little ones to provide for. If he were only well it would seem so different, but he isn't. He has never been well since he fell two years ago. Life has many struggles for him, poor boy, and Mollie has struggles, too. How a mother's heart goes out in sympathy for the children. Ned, her husband, isn't very well again. They went to Rochester again last week to see the Mayos. They tell him that in time he will recover. I suppose he must live out the disease. Dear boy, I pity him. Here I have commenced another page. This is the way with me. It will seem such a chore to commence a letter, and when I get at it it seems as big a one to stop. There seems to be so much to say and it all seems of so little account, but I keep on writing just the same.

Tom's folks are well. He and Sue are coming to dinner at six tonight. Tom seems to be doing well with his collecting business. Well, dear sister, how we would enjoy seeing you. Will we meet again? I hope so. Clock just said twelve, and Mary thinks she ought to be getting some dinner for us, but I don't care either way. No one but her and myself. Seems strange to have so few. Yes, she has gone down stairs and commenced the dinner. Tomorrow she is going to make some blueberry jam, and I know it will be good, too I don't suppose you get blueberries out

there. Do you remember when we were younger of going blueberrying? Yes, that was many, many years ago. We went in wagon loads and came home with quantities of berries, and we thought it great fun to go, too. Now they are very scarce, we only buy them at the stores and they are not nice at all as they used to be, and are scarce at that.

Abbie has just gone home to get dinner too, so it seems to me it would be well for me to draw this letter to a close and get ready for dinner myself. It seems to me you will be saying as the last lines are read, "gracious me! I'm glad she has brought it to an end at last." Hope this will find you all well. Was so sorry one of the dear little twins died, but am thankful one is left, and hope it will be spared to them. Give my friends my warmest love and keep a good share yourself. Good bye,

Your loving sister,
Bell.

August 7, 1910—Monday evening, nine o'clock. Abbie and I have been calling on a few neighbors. It is so lovely after the nice showers we had this afternoon, and how grateful we feel for it, as it has been hot and dry for a long time. The shower was short, but it did much good. Had a nice long letter from Clatie today. So far

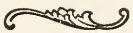
he is doing well. May the dear Father bless and keep him from temptation is my constant prayer. As I sit here by the window writing, a gentle breeze is wafted through the house. The shower cooled the air and made everything so nice and fresh. So ends August 7, 1910.

August 11, 1910—Yes, here I am, on the farm. Harold came after me Friday night. Am going to stay here while Bennie and Carrie are in Bloomer. They went early Saturday morning and will come home Monday night. They took the twin boys with them and left the other five at home, and they are so good. Baby Phillip hasn't made one bit of trouble, and the rest are so kind and thoughtful. Harold is now fourteen years old, the oldest of the flock of seven. He seems more like a man than a boy. Little Ruth goes around in such a womanly way. She is very dear to us.

The days are just lovely here on the farm. How many pleasures and comforts country people have that city people are deprived of. We cannot realize it usually, but it is so.

Bennie hasn't been well since he fell two

years ago and hurt his neck and back so bad, I can't help worrying about him. May the Father care for him and spare him to his family. He only knows how they would get along without him.

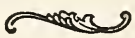


August 17, 1910—Came home today and brought dear little Philo and John with me to spend a few days. They do enjoy coming to see grandma. Now at eight o'clock they are both in bed and fast asleep.

August 20, 1910—Before it gets cold I am going to Hot Springs for a short time. Am going with Mrs. Hoffman. She has rheumatism very badly, and I hope it may benefit her to go. Abbie will miss me so much as she has always been with me, and Bennie's family will miss me, too, as they come often to the dear old home.

August 26, 1910—Had a letter from Mollie a few days ago, and she sent me a poem called "The Wash Woman," She ran across it somewhere and it called her back to the days when she was about ten and recited

the piece at a large public meeting. She wondered if I remembered it. Well, I guess I did remember it, she did so nicely in reciting it. The song ran thus:

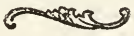


"In a very humble cot
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman, full of hope,
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of monotone,
'With the Savior for a friend
He will keep me to the end.

Not in sorrow, more in glee
Working all day long was she;
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotone the song
She was humming all day long,
'With the Savior for a friend
He will keep me to the end.'

Just a trifle lonesome, she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles on the clothes;
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From the washerwoman's lips
Any song that she can sing
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a Friend
Who will keep her to the end."



I have here another song by some one else, and I will copy it, also.

"Sometimes happening along
I had heard this self same song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a Friend
That will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was puddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end."

Tonight may I have the faith of the poor washerwoman, and may I be able to sing when clouds are dark around me, and many times they have been dark indeed. May I cling to this dear Friend who will keep me to the end. I know His love and I am trusting Him from day to day. Just here another sweet song comes to my mind.

"He leadeth me; Oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
What'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

Beautiful words! let us sing them from our hearts. He is rich in kindness and able to keep us at all times. May He ever be my guide and leader. His promises are so good and true we can surely trust Him at all times.

April 30, 1911—As I sit here I go back in memory to last fall. October 12th I went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and was gone two months, so spent Thanksgiving there, away from home, family and friends, but spent Christmas at home, dear home. Mollie, Ned and Leone were here, so I had a Christmas dinner, and all the children, except Clatie and wife were here. There were eighteen, and I was so glad to see them together again. Clatie and wife came later and spent ten days with us. Mollie and Ned went south and came back in March.

It is Bennie's birthday tomorrow. Mine was last week, and they had a surprise on me. Bennie, Carrie, Mate, the Stokes, Tom and Sue came and brought their dinner along. Had everything nice, chicken pie, ice cream and cake, etc., and we all enjoyed ourselves so much.

Mrs. Demming is staying with me now.

She isn't at all well. Seems too bad. Abbie and Frank are living in part of my house. Am glad she is near me and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do. Dear child, she knew nothing but kindness when she lived at home. May she know nothing now but kindness also. The day is cold and it looks like rain. We need it badly enough too. Your loving Mother.

July 4, 1911—This is the second time I have opened these pages since I came from Hot Springs last December. Was gone two months and had a very pleasant time. I think the baths are a great benefit to any one. It has been hot weather this summer with occasional showers. This morning at half past six we had a hard electric storm and it doesn't seem inclined to clear off. Well, it makes no difference to me. I am at home and expect to remain here.

Abbie and Frank are now living in part of my house, it being a double house. I am so glad to have her so near too. I am having repairs made in the house, and it brings much care on me. Ben's family and the Brown family are having a picnic today and they wanted me to go, too, but I

didn't feel like it. Cordelia telephoned, wondering if I would come up if she sent Oleson after me, but it looks so much like more rain don't think he will come. She is there alone, as the girl has gone for a few days.

Yes, I am growing old, and I feel it today. I haven't felt well for some time, but I mustn't expect to feel like a young person. Just want to be comfortable, that is all. The children all seem well. They are scattered around, but if well, are blessed. may God bless each of them today and myself also.

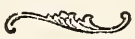
Well, I went to Cordelia's after all, and stayed all day. Good bye 4th of July, 1911.

November 30, 1911—Thanksgiving evening. Yes, the day has passed and gone, it is far into the night and I sit here writing. Bennie came home yesterday, brought Georgie with him and took Harold home. So today Cordelia, Mary and Georgie were all that were here to dinner. Bennie's family was at Harry's to dinner. I asked Frank and Abbie but they had a duck and so wanted to eat at home.

We are all usually well and feel tonight that we have much to be thankful for. May

we each in the coming year try to live nearer to the Father's side, in all things asking for wisdom to lead and guide us from day to day. He is so willing if we are only willing to be guided by Him. God, tonight care for each of my family; may they all be Thy children, and at last may we all be gathered where there is no more parting or sorrow. All such things are passed away and all things are new. Good night, November 30, 1911.

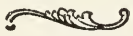
Your loving Mother.



December 27, 1911—Soon the year will be gone, and the new year, 1912, will be with us, striking off the days of each. Yesterday it snowed nearly all day, turned cold towards night, and tonight it is very cold. Christmas I was with sisters Cordelia and Mate and Tom and Sue were there, too. It was a beautiful, warm day. I would have gone to Bennie's but their house is so cold, and I was not feeling very well, so I didn't go. Bennie isn't very well this winter. Harold is at home for two weeks as there is a two weeks' vacation in the school. He stays with me this winter and is a very good boy, too. Hope he will grow up to be

a good man, and useful in the world. Well, good night to all.

Your loving Mother.



Here is a copy of mother's letter to cousin Carrie after her father's death.

Dear Carrie:—A few days ago I received your nice but also sad letter, telling us of your father's death, how much he suffered, and how at last he passed to the higher life, freed from all his sufferings. Yes, Carrie dear, I know he was ready to go. He was washed in the blood of the lamb and free from all sin. I hope you may meet him and others. May we live from day to day with a hope in Christ, then all is well. We know not the hour when the Lord may call.

This morning I rose at seven. It was raining. I went to Miss Carlson's room, rapped on her door and to her answer "come in" I told her to come and eat breakfast with me, and we would then go to church. She is staying with Abbie while her sister is at the hospital, and will be here until the sister is better. She boarded with Abbie for a while last summer, and since then they have been good friends. It continued to rain but we went to church just the same, and now at three p. m it is still raining, and is so dark can hardly see to write.

Was over to Cordelia's for dinner yesterday. The Linton family, Judson Truax, Bennie and Carrie were

there, too. What a lovely day it was! The sun shone like May, and the grass looks green now, the first day of December. It doesn't seem as though we have had any winter at all. Wonder if it will turn cold now.

I think often of you all, and of your visit to us two months ago. Tell Charley I remember his coming on cold mornings and building my fires when I was sick. It was so good of him.

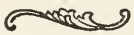
Well, it looks as though I ought to close this letter. It is still raining. I will say good bye. Love to all the friends. I have many to write to. Always write to Mollie and Clatie every week, and some others. It takes much time, and tires me more than it used to. Write when convenient. Good bye.

Your loving Aunt Bell.

December 2, 1912 — Last week was Thanksgiving and school closed Wednesday. Harold went home, but Ruth stayed, She had a bad cold on her lungs and was not at all well, but she went home Friday. They will be back tonight on the train.

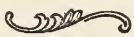
Bennie and Carrie went to St. Paul last week to see the doctor. Bennie has not been well since he fell from a staging three years ago while helping shingle a barn. The doctor seems to find some misplacements in the back bone. They left Harold,

Yes, the Savior will accept the humblest one of us. When clouds have hung darkest He has been my comfort and my stay.



January 15, 1913—Sunday evening. It has been a cold day. I went to church in the morning, and this afternoon to the Salvation Army meeting. They had some good music and speaking. They do much good and reach many who would not go to church, and I hope God will bless their work here. They have a nice hall, built by benevolent people, and they needed it, too. I am in sympathy with them.

I am looking for the children tonight on the half-past nine train. It is so cold to come any other way. It doesn't seem possible that Bennie's children are grown up to be in the high school, but so it is. His two oldest, Harold and Ruth, are going there. It doesn't seem long ago since Bennie was a little fellow.



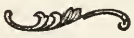
February 19, 1913—Clatie and wife and sweet baby have been here for a two weeks' visit. I was not very well while they were

here, but they were well, and baby such a dear. I hope she may be spared to them, they are so fond of her.

June 22, 1913—I rose early this lovely morning. How cool and shady it looked! I busied myself around as usual; went to the garden and gathered roses, making them into bouquets for Abbie and myself. Soon our breakfast hour came along. I just made coffee and toast and had strawberries from our own garden. I called Ruth, who came to spend a few days. She doesn't eat much this warm weather. I enjoy her being with me much but she is going home today.

Next Tuesday I intend to start for Mollie's to visit her a few days, and then I am going on to see dear Clatie and his wife and baby. I long so to see them again. I know we will have a nice visit together. At my age I can't count on going very often, each year am a little older. I did not go to church today. I will go now and read a while, so good bye old good-for-nothing scribbling. May I remember that it is God's holy Sabbath day, and read such as He would like me to read. May I re-

member this One who is giving us all our blessings and may I walk from day to day guided by His loving influence.

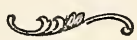


"More holiness give me,
More stirrings within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Savior,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer;
More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome,
More freedom from earth's stains
More longing for home."

Evening again, but so very warm I do not feel like retiring, so will take my pen and write a few lines. The day has passed away. I can only say to my dear ones that I hope it has passed well with them, and that tonight they can say all is well. It seems such a short time ago that the family was all at home, now so few are left. Again it seems not long since they were all small children, now each has gone his way.

Well, well, a big black bug has made his appearance and I am a little nervous, so the safest thing to do is to darken the room and go to bed. Good night to all.

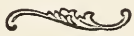
Your loving Mother.



June 23, 1913—Just a few lines, old book, before going away to visit Mollie and Clatie. Don't know when I shall look inside these pages again. Hope I may come back to my dear home again and feel the better for having gone. Have said many good byes to friends today, and last of all to this old book. Why do I have a thought of it? Good bye, Good bye.

July 29, 1913—Home again. Have been home several days. Ned, Mollie and Leone came with me and Abbie and Ruth came to meet us. Found all well at home after being gone about four weeks. Had a pleasant visit at Mollie's for a few days, then went to visit Clatie and family. Baby is well and she is a lovely baby, one year old and has just commenced to walk. They enjoy her so much. May she be spared to them to bring joy to their home. Clatie

Ruth and the three youngest children with us so that left only the twins at home with the hired man. The twins are big, stout boys, twelve years old, and do lots of work. Don't know what they would do without them. I hope Bennie may be spared to his family, consisting of wife and seven children.



December 25, 1912—Well, Christmas has come again, and it is such a beautiful day too. Can't remember of ever seeing a more perfect Christmas day, so warm, not a particle of wind, sun shining and the sky blue as in June. Last evening there were many people made happy by receiving and giving beautiful gifts. Many homes among the lowly as well as among the rich. How happy we are often made by some little gift, and in some homes the little remembrances are so sweet to each one.

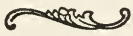
"Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charity comes.
The shrine of love and haven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife;

However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
If centered there are better than gold."

Yes, today is Christmas. I woke at five a. m. I looked out of my window on the beautiful world, and a sense of thankfulness came over me. I felt thankful to the Father above for the past year's blessings, and asked for a continuance of them in the coming year. I shall need them just as much in the future as I have in the past. As the days pass I feel more and more the need of His everlasting arm to lean upon. May he continue to bless me, and my dear children and friends, also. I am here alone for a few days, as the children have gone home for a two weeks' vacation, and in a way I am resting. I need rest and quiet more than I once did.

They had a Christmas tree at Bennie's and I would have liked to have gone out there, but I have a cold on my lungs, so will not go. They had a Christmas tree at the church on the prairie last night so that is why Bennie's folks are having their's today.

I am going over to sister Cordelia's for dinner. Tom and Sue will be there too. Merry Christmas and good bye for now.



December 31, 1912—In another hour the year 1912 will be a thing of the past. Yes, the new year is fast coming and what will it bring to each of us? surely, we little know. The winter so far has been lovely, seems like no winter at all, and today, the last one of the year, has been so beautiful. What a lovely sight the sunset was tonight! It was like a June sunset.

Well, as the old year has only a few minutes more of life I will hastily bid it good bye. It has been rather a happy year to myself and family; food, clothes and the comforts of life have been given us, we have had no deaths and not much sickness. There are many blessings if we only look for them. I hope the new year holds no sorrows for us, but if it does may the Heavenly Father give us grace sufficient for it all. May my dear children live near this blessed Friend, and from day to day be guided by Him, and all will be well. Good bye old year, joy to the new.

Your loving Mother.

January 1, 1913— I went to bed after the bells stopped tolling the old year out and the new year in. So now I am commencing a new year, and how shall I live it? Do the little things as they come along from day to day–just the right things. I seem to hear these lines:

"Hark the voice of Jesus calling
Follow Me, follow Me;
As of old He called the fishes
By the sea of Gallilee."

I hope this new year will bring gladness to each of us, and may we be spared to each other. Still, may we be reconciled to pass through whatever God sees best. These beautiful lines come to my mind, dear children.

"I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goeth down;
When through wonderful grace by my Savior I stand
Will there be any stars in my crown?

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown
When at evening my sun goeth down?
When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest
Will there be any stars in my crown?"

I am passing down the sunny side of life, and am just trusting God from day to day, ever leaning upon His everlasting arm. These lines come to my mind.

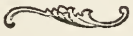
"I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
He's the lily of the valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star.
He's the dearest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.

When all the world forsakes me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

Well, good night, old manuscript, I am so tired, no more tonight. Will go out walking for a rest.



August 22, 1913—So warm today and so cool yesterday. It seems to make my eyes feel worse when I am in the air, so I did

not go to church. In past years I was always ready and willing to go and so was Jerome, but he has gone on to the higher life, where we shall meet him if we live as we ought. Why are we so careless in thinking of the life beyond? Here our journey is so short, there an eternity of bliss and joy awaits us. If we wander from the dear Father He is ever ready to forgive and love and bless us.

"Oh! think of the friends over there
Who before us the journey have trod;
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God.

My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care
Let me fly to the land of the blest."

Such a beautiful sunset, and as I sit here these lines come to me.

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think of mercies past
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

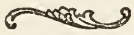
Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er
May it's departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempest driven."

Just another little verse that comes to my mind and then I am going to rest.

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to Thee;
Take my will and make it Thine
Let it be no longer mine."

Good night.



August 23, 1913—Cast all your care upon God; He careth for you. May I do so today. I feel sure of all His promises. Godliness is profitable to all men in this life and in the life to come. The infants who have passed to the higher life I feel are just waiting for mother on the other shore, so I am reminded of these lines.

"Sweet little darlings, light of the home,
Looking for some one, beckoning, 'come!'
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you;

Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in glory, looking this way."

Just these promises alone are sufficient for us. If we truly believe them and take Him at His precious word He will not fail us. Blessed are they who hath part in the first resurrection, for on such the second death hath no power.

I am passing some of these lovely, sunny hours with pen in hand. Perhaps I could put my time in much more profitably. but I pray these lines won't make any one the worse, especially my dear children.

August 24, 1913—The day has been very warm, I have had company and am tired. When we are living on borrowed time life seems short at the best. May the children as they look on what mother wrote realize how weary she was sometimes. I feel as though I had not been as patient as I should have been and have made many mistakes. I feel I could do better if I could live my life over, but I live from day to day with a hope in Christ.

He is long suffering and full of forgive-

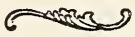
will be a kind, indulgent father. Some say too indulgent. Love without fear is far the best. I have seen both sides. Little ones may obey because they are afraid to do otherwise, but as they grow older the love for the parent is not there. On the other hand, when they see the love and kindness of parents they obey from love. I pity nervous children especially. God bless the little ones! They are so dear to me.

I had a lovely visit at both Mollie's and Clatie's. After staying at Clatie's a few days I went back to Mollie's until we started for home, sweet home, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." I felt so well there excepting my eyes troubled me a good deal. Never had them so bad, in fact have never had much trouble with them. I think it commenced by riding in the wind too much. Now they are very tired and I ought not to be using them. Have been very busy since I came home, too much so sometimes for one of my age. Good night, my eyes are feeling bad.

Loving Mother.

August 6, 1913—This morning I am copying some of the old, old writings, so faded

I can scarcely read them. I wonder if it will pay me to recopy them for the children. I don't know, but I do know that I get very tired sitting here writing of these things but I am going to try and do it anyway. I think it will be a rather mixed up manuscript, but the children and grandchildren will know more of the family life, and I suppose they will remember many incidents as they look over these pages. Here are some beautiful lines I copied in 1901.



"The way is dark, my Father, dark and drear,
My feet are weary and my soul oppressed;
I faint beneath the burdens that I bear,
'Come unto Me and I will give you rest.'

I fain would come, but oft my wandering feet
Turn from the narrow path that leads to Thee;
For blinding are the storms that round me beat;
'As thy day is so thy strength shall be.'

So chill the wind, so barren is the soil,
So weary am I that I fain would cease
From scattering seed, it seems a fruitless toil,
'Plant thou and water, God will give increase.'

Weak, faithless, murmuring, wasting time in tears,
What have I garnered, Lord? my spirit grieves
That I have gleaned so little through the years;
'Thou yet mayst come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.'"

August 8, 1913—Midnight, and what a storm is raging, and has been for the past two hours. Continual flashes of lightening and awful peals of thunder! When will it cease? I stayed in bed as long as I could, then dressed, lighted my lamp and went in to see how Bennie's twin boys were feeling about it. They were awake, but didn't care to get up. I was glad they were not frightened. I went on to Miss Carlson's room and she was frightened. I went down stairs to see how Abbie was. She was trying to be brave and stay in bed, but such crashes as kept coming. I think of Bennie's family tonight—two here, the rest at home. The storm is still raging and I don't feel like going to bed until it abates somewhat. I think of these lines,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters round me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

August 9, 1913—Such a beautiful morning after the awful electric storm which raged for several hours last night. Now the sun is shining lovely, and not a cloud is to be

seen. The storm is a thing of the past. Vegetation looks as though the bath had done it good. The trees are washed thoroughly and there is no dust anywhere. As the poet sang so let us feel.

"Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
Our voice ascending high;
To Thee will we lift up our song,
To Thee lift up our eye."

August 21, 1913—Sister Mate came to spend the day with us. We are always so glad to see her. She has been with us so much, and in these old writings she is spoken of very often.

Evening, and I feel tired tonight. Someway the day has been rather long, though it has been so bright and sunny. I have been busy with small household duties and have had some company. I do enjoy company so much, and am thankful to be well enough to wait upon them, and would miss them if they didn't come. Am glad when the children come home to visit mother. Soon nothing but remembrances will remain of the once happy home. No father and mother's home to go to. I feel this as

ness. I am living upon His promises, and as my journey of life is drawing near the close I want to live nearer and nearer to Him.

August 26, 1913—This week will soon close. Many hardworking men are trying to earn a few dollars to take home to the family. I hope they will use every cent to the best advantage. When father works so hard to earn it we wives and mothers should show that we appreciate all he is to us. When Saturday night comes what a happy evening it should be. It is a good time to forget all our anxieties and have it just home, sweet home. Welcome, Saturday night, sweet harbinger of the day of rest. How sweet to me are the memories of my Saturday nights, when my children were young, life was before me, and papa, mama and the little ones were all at home. It doesn't seem so long since we were all together. I feel like dropping my pen and lingering over those happy home scenes. The children have drifted away to homes of their own, but often their childhood days come back to me, and the memory of their sweet baby voices lisping their evening

prayer. They were early taught to put themselves in His care and though they may wander far away from this kind Father still they will not forget how anxious mother was that they should know and love this truest Friend, and perhaps these verses, should they ever come across them, may cause them to remember their childhood days.

"As I listen, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Come with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,

And I wander back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore
When I knelt beside my mother
By the bed, upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to murmur
Carefully the words she said.

Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory riven;
Hallowed be Thy name, Oh! Father,
Father, Thou who art in heaven.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of it's import great and deep;
After which I learned to murmur
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked my Father,
Father, do Thou bless my child?

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has rested neath the sod;
And I know her sainted spirit
Dwells before the throne of God.

But that scene at summer twilight
Fills my heart with joy divine,
And my mother's prayer is answered,
And her Savior now is mine."

Now, my children, be able to say the same thing, then all is well.

SATURDAY EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

"Gladly now we gather round it
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;

Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room.

Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
Place the slippers by the fire,
Though the loud wind loudly mutters
What care we for wind sprites' ire?

What care we for outward seeming,
Fickle fortune's frown or smile,
If around us love is beaming?
Love can human ills beguile.

'Neath the cottage roof and palace
From the peasant to the king
All are quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.

Grates are glowing, music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
Oh! the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest.

Hearts that trob with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.

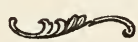
Care may tread the halls of daylight
Sadness haunts the midnight hour,
But the wierd and witching twilight
Brings the glowing hearthstone's dower.

Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well remembered shrine!
Spirit yearnings—soul revealings—
Wreaths immortal round thee twine."

August 28, 1913—Gilmore says: "The highway to peace is to see the good in others rather than the evil, to look carefully when criticizing others, to love truth, to be kind to strangers, knowing oft-times we entertain angels unawares, to be true to friends and just to enemies (if we have any) return good for evil, admire the charms of youth, venerate old age, be courteous to children, be kind to dumb animals, be honest in our dealings with others, and having done all to look up and be resigned." May I strive to be thus.

Am tired and must go to bed. Sweet dreams to all the world. Will lay down my pen and rest my tired head and hands. Good night.

Your loving Mother.



September 13, 1913—This copying is tiring me so dreadfully that it seems I must get away from it for a few days, so I am

going to lay my pen aside and take a trip with Mrs. Truax and sister Mate to Madison and Chicago. They are going Wednesday, the 15th, so I will say good bye to my writings, hoping to get the rest I so much need.

October 3, 1913—We started for Madison the 15th and arrived at two p. m. Kind friends were there to meet us and we found a welcome wherever we went. Thursday we visited the capitol, which is a magnificent building. The many rooms are furnished so beautifully, and as we passed from room to room with our guide I was interested in all I saw. When I think of the great amount of money spent in this way I wonder if it is best, but wiser ones than I are at the head of our state. so I think perhaps it is all right. It doesn't seem to me the capitol at D. C. can be much ahead of it, or at least that it is necessary for it to be any more beautiful. Then we visited the school buildings and all seemed so satisfactory.

Friday we started for Chicago and got into the great city at one p. m. and spent a week with our dear nephews and neices.

We looked over many interesting places and the week soon passed. On our return trip we stopped off at Madison and spent three more pleasant days. I think it is one of the most beautiful cities I was ever in. I am in love with it.

Now dear children. it seems so nice to be at home again, and I will take my pen and copy a little more in my spare time.

Your loving Mother.

October 10, 1913- It has been several days since I opened to these pages, and some pleasant and some unpleasant things have happened since then. Mrs. Cass and I went to church this morning and then to the New England Kitchen for dinner.

It is a beautiful fall. The leaves are falling in showers of lovely red, green and yellow. I love the fall of the year. I think it is one of the most beautiful seasons.

November 17, 1913- Someway I feel rather blue today. I have been very busy and I guess I am so tired that the day seems gloomy. Of course the days are short now and darkness comes along early. This old

year will soon be closing and this is like the end of life. These days shouldn't seem one bit cheerless, for the flowers and leaves are just asleep. To me this is one of the most beautiful seasons of the year. They sleep but will awaken. We sleep but will awaken at the resurrection morn.

"When the autumn time of your life is here,
And the blossoms are turning brown,
When the saddest season of all the year,
Is sending a message down,
When the last leaf blows from a withered bough
And rests on the frosty sod;
Send your prayers up high, past the boundless sky,
Till they rest at the throne of God."

I was so tired sitting here writing that I laid my pen aside and went out to the farm last Friday for a change. Harold came down with the horse and buggy,

He rode back with a friend, and after school Ruth and I drove out. It was such a pleasant afternoon that we enjoyed the ride very much. They were all well on the farm except Bennie, who had a bad cold. As I was there I wondered what in the world they would do without their twin boys, now fourteen. They seem to be the main stay of the family. Up at five in the morn-

ing and after building the fires in the house are right out to the barn until breakfast time. They work just like grown men, too hard, I think sometimes. The younger children are too small to do much, but there seemed to be many chores for even them to do. They are busy bees when out of school. Frank and Abbie came up Sunday and spent the day and we all came back on the train that evening.

November 23, 1913– Here is a poem Mollie sent me in one of her letters three years ago.

"The days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,
The headstones thicken along the way,
And life grows sadder, and love grows stronger
For those who walk with us day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage lesser to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower,
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things of the world seem truer,
And the better things of the earth seem best;
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

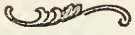
Then let's clasp hands as we walk together,
And let's speak softly in love's best tone;
For no man knows on the morrow whether
We two pass by, or one alone."

She said in her "letter isn't this a pretty poem?" Yes. darling girl, and mother is glad you think so. It seems the heart must be good to look upon things in that way. Pick up such things all through life and I will trust you to do well. And how many good things we find sometimes in places where we least expected to.

Today I have been copying letters which brought Petie's death back to me so vividly. How lonesome the house seemed. I didn't know where to go. One knows all about it, but I thought at that time how could He, how could He afflict us so? But the blow is past. I am reconciled and feel it was for something I couldn't understand but will know hereafter. All is well with me now, the great sorrow is healed but still remembered, and many times since I have been trying to copy these old, but dear letters, tears chase each other down my cheeks. I shall soon be through with this copying,

which has been a harder job than it is possible for any of you to ever understand. Remember, mother isn't young now, and it has seemed to stir up sad memories so that many times I have nearly given up, and tears come as I gather up the old letters after copying them, and throw them in the fire. It has seemed as thongh I could not destroy some of the precious ones, but soon I will be gone, and they will be in some body's way, and as they have been copied in this way I think it best. Of course there were many, many I have not copied, but perhaps there are enough to while away idle hours.

Your loving Mother.



December 2, 1913—Half past eight and I sat here ready for bed, then I thought I would write just a few lines. My mind runs in many channels tonight. The other evening Abbie, Ruth and myself called on Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Hyde. We were entertained so nicely, socially, and with such lovely music. We enjoyed it so much and felt so rested from study and worldly care. It would be well if we would spend

more evenings in this way. Soon Christmas will be with us again, and tonight I am thinking how many are so busy doing and planning for it. Is it right to work and spend so much for Christmas? I know some are overworked, and some get expensive gifts far beyond the means of the giver. Perhaps a small gift given with much love would be as well. Thoreau must have had this thought in mind when in speaking of New York gifts he said "it would be a gift indeed if we would bestow upon each other our sincerity."

Therefore, no one is too poor to give what is of more value than silver or gold. Love must come from the giver's own heart.

"True love can make precious the poorest gift;
Remember, it's never been told
Which one of the wise men brought the myrrh,
Or which one brought the gold."

So, dear children, don't try to do too much for Christmas. As far as gifts go give from the heart, and all is well. Let us give in memory of the Christ child, who was given that we might live.

Well, the hours are passing into the night, and I must close. Come, sweet

harbinger of peace. Come and overshadow us with thy sweet sleep, which seems a panacea for all the ills of life. How many of us watching beside our sick ones have said "oh! for one hour of sleep for them." Some of them have fallen asleep to wake no more on earth. I am longing for that rest and sleep that I need so much. I will copy a beautiful little poem, and then to bed.

"Our mother's lost her youthfulness;
Her eyes grow dim with tears,
Yet still within her heart there shines
Some light of other years;
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,
Smile, as in youth she smiled,
As o'er her heart some memory steals
Of when she was a child.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness
We see it every day,
And feel more drearily the truth,
She soon must pass away;
Ah! even now the boatman pale
We fear is hovering nigh,
Waiting, with white sails all unfurled;
He will not heed our cry,

But gently bear the wearied form
Into the phantom bark,
She will not fear—Christ went before,
The way will not be dark.
And safe beyond the troubled stream,
Her tired heart's strife o'er,
Our angel mother—glorified—
Will grow old—nevermore."

January 16, 1914—Dear children, at the close of the old year nineteen thirteen, I laid my pen aside and said to myself, I am done with this copying, am too tired to do more of this kind of work. A short time passed and January 12th came, when the annual church meeting of the First Congregational church was to be held. Most of the members were there, among them Mr. Mayhew and his dear wife, who are always there when well enongh. A fine supper was served and then came the program for the evening. Reports of church work for the past year were given, and as I understood it all seemed in a prosperous condition. But the most interesting part to me was the poem recited by Mr. Mayhew. It took Eau Claire from when it was just a bud up to much later days.

Many of us who listened to it remembered well some of those things, especially the Indian scare. It seemed wonderful that he could commit to memory such a long poem. It is one, I think, of his own composition.

"Dear friends give attention and I will rehearse,
A few thots, put in language, tho more or less terse,
I'm aware I shall get from you many a curse,
For when I have rendered my thots into verse
You will stoutly declare that you never heard worse.

We came to this place from all nations and climes,
And although we were strangers, had jolly good times;
But we missed many blessings, we missed the sweet chimes
Of the fatherland, but we did not miss the crimes;
We had no gold eagles and mighty few dimes.

We came to this valley when we were all young,
And the most of us always its praises have sung;
But a few disappointed ones there were among
Those who came, who would claim with vituperate tongue,
That the liars who got them here ought to be hung.

We have had ups and downs, and especially downs,
Had the smiles of dame Fortune and also her frowns,
Had the drink that made drunk, and big water that drowns,
But the valley has filled with fair cities and towns,
Who held firmly to virtue, to them be the crowns.

You surely remember the great Indian scare;
Charlie Bagg came one Sunday to town to declare
That the Redskins were after a lock of our hair.
They were coming in force and were nearing Eau Claire,
And to save all our lives we had no time to spare.

Then quickly the bell clanged its notes on the air
Calling all of the faithful to come and prepare
To show ourselves brave, while defending the fair.
We hunted our weapons, each bringing his share,
John Hayes brought a pike-pole, a weapon most rare.

That evening Jim Becky came up from his lair,
Saying forty-four Reds crossed the Chippewa, where
The water so shoal, boats must run with great care.
Then stand by your guns or I'm ready to swear.
They will send everyone of us up the gilt stair.

Hemmed in so completely and caught in a snare
The more chicken-hearted gave up in despair;
Others, little more hopeful, resorted to prayer.
We guarded their trails till the morning's bright glare,
And then learned with disgust, not an Indian was there.

Then on came the war, and our boys donned the blue,
And swore that they would to their country be true;
The struggle was long but they carried it thru,
They came back among us, their numbers were few,
But I think they fulfilled that great promise, don't you?

Some enlisted no doubt, for the sake of the pay,
Some for love of adventure from home went away,
Some for various causes, be that as it may,
Taught by absence from home and from war's cruel sway,
We trust they stand firmly in virtue today.

We look back to the time we were pressed by the foe,
And we doubted and feared, where unto this might grow;
As we think of those days, how the tear drops did flow,
And we question how much to these brave men we owe;
We may figure, and guess, but we never shall know.

Then onward prosperity came, and the prow
Of our good ship of union is firmly set now.
Her course is right onward, foam flies from her bow,
She is freighted with blessings and all will allow,
With these blessings, her children still richly endow.

Dear friends, if in Jesus we ever abide
If He carried our sins when He suffered and died
And we make His blest spirit our teacher and guide.
And so from the storms in the refuge we hide
Which his heart of compassion led him to provide,

Then we may be sure when this short life is oe'r,
We shall see the dear faces of those gone before,
We shall see too, the Savior, whom now we adore.
When the mountains and seas of this earth are no more
We'll be living there still on that glorified shore."

Yes, it was there, just a little bud, blossoming out, I hope into a beautiful flower. We can see even now, many dark spots coming among the lovely leaves. How we should strive to keep them out. Can we? Only by fertilizing and mixing in good ground and doing away with all that is evil.

We must sterilize and do away with all that seems dark and sinful, and it means work, and hard work, to bring these things about. The blossom is named Eau Claire, and is growing fast, and I am sorry to say dark leaves are springing up in many places where we are not looking for them.

"There's a work for me
And a work for you
There's something for each of us
Now to do."

There is much work going on to help bring about a lovely, pure blossom. May it become so sterilized from every evil that it will be noted for its purity and Godliness far and wide. Then the well-workers will feel doubly paid for all the work that has been done in trying to do away with the dark spots that seem so determined to enter in, and blot out what is good. May God's richest blessing hover round this blossom, protecting it from stains of sin and wickedness. May the prayers of the Christian people, and their earnest work, be the means of holding at bay the sin stain which will surely poison our beautiful blossom, and cause decay and disease to creep in, and in time destroy our

once lovely Eau Claire flower. May God's blessing wait upon it. May no strife disturb this blossom. May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek; and when temptations come may the angels of God be with thee; when rude blasts come may the Savior's blood wash thee from all impurities, and give thee holiness and meekness, is my wish.

Now, as the clock tells me of the late hour I will say good night to our Eau Claire blossom, trusting the good influences that are being thrown around it may keep and preserve it from all the evils of life, and may it grow more and more beautiful as the years go by. I think this is the earnest wish of all good people.

Dear children, and gentle reader, may I pronounce a benediction upon this blossom?

May the sun of glory shine around thy head; may no strifes disturb thy nights. When some tiny young leaves begin to show signs of decay may some strength be given to those who are working for thy good to blot out all that would hinder a pure and healthy growth.

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
May some showers fall on thee!

January 17, 1914—Now, my dear children, I am nearly ready to lay aside my pen, and rest. I certainly feel tired, but you will know more of our home life for the effort I have made. Mother hasn't many more years to remain this side of the river. Soon I will fall asleep in Jesus to sleep until the resurrection morn. Meet me then, all of you, won't you, dear children?

"Close to the river my feet are approaching,
Close to the wave-washed shore;
Soon will the messenger bear me a token,
Soon will he carry me o'er.

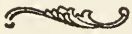
Dark is the valley through which the lone river
Wanders in silence away:
Solemn and sweet is the sound of its singing,
Over beyond it the way.

I would not tarry, my lone heart would rest,
Rest from its wearisome pain;
Cease from its throbbings, forget all its hopes,
Hopes that are only in vain.

Lay me at rest where the flowers are the sweetest,
Under the fair blue sky;
I shall be calmer with these close above me,
These, and the wind's lullaby."

Yes, dear children, soon mother's home will be no more! an empty house—mother gone—Come often, while the home is here, and mother waiting to meet you. May God's care ever be over you. Trust Him and all is well. There is no friend like Him, no, not one. From day to day I feel Him to be precious to me, indeed. I hope He is your friend, too.

Well, dears, a long good bye. My writings are ended—I will rest.



"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past
My triumph is begun.

Oh! come angel band, come and around
me stand;
Oh! bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

Oh! bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me:
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

I love to think of the Heavenly land
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

I love to think of the Heavenly land,
The greetings I there will meet;
The harps, the songs forever ours,
The walks, the golden streets."

I close with a long farewell, Good bye.

Your loving Mother.

FINIS

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